ECHO

This Echo Belong to
B. Seymour
Please return to S. R. H. S
Santa Rosa Cal.

June 23

B Seymour '20
736 Washington St.
Santa Rosa.

Phone 927

Santa Rosa High School

The ECHO

A Student Body Publication

1919

EX LIBRIS
HECTOR MICHIE

FOREWORD

We have tried, as every other "Echo" staff has tried before us, to make this paper worthy of the Santa Rosa High School. What measure of success we may have achieved must be left to the reader to judge. But this "Echo" is by no means the work of the staff alone. We have received invaluable advice and assistance from many quarters. Our acknowledgements are due especially to Mr. Montgomery, for many valuable suggestions; to Miss O'Meara, Miss Fisher, and Miss Matchette for their aid in selecting manuscripts; to the members of the faculty as a whole for their interest and support; to the pupils of the commercial department for their work in typing manuscript; to the members of the printing department of the Press Democrat office; and to the students, whom this publication reperesents, and who have been so generous in response to the many calls upon them for support, both financial and literary.

THE EDITORS.

To MAJOR VICTOR N. HODGE
In appreciation of the interest he has taken in all our school activities, this "Echo" is dedicated.

DIRECTIONS FOR READING THE "ECHO"

As this publication is widely used in schools throughout the United States in matters of national reference we give our contemporaries a tip, and have compiled a plan of study for students and teachers in order that they may comprehend the material contained herein.

A—IN GENERAL—

1. How do you like the metaamidophenylparamethoxyouinolin of this book?

2. Do you consider it an eleemosynary treat?

3. The editor says, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Do you agree with him?

B—IN DETAIL—

1. Editorial—

(a) Do you agree with the editor?

(b) Write to him and tell him what is wrong with the editorial.

2. Class Officers—

(a) Do you approve of the officers?

3. Class Roll—

(a) Are they all there?

4. Class Pictures—

(a) Are these pictures works of art?

(b) Which is the best looking girl in the class?

(c) Write a short story on "Why boys leave home."

(d) Do you find a picture in these pages that looks like one of the Hohenzollern boys?

5. Class Histories—

(a) Do you agree with the classes that their histories have been remarkable?

(b) Why, in six months, will these histories be put upon the shelf with "Sir Walter Raleigh as I Knew Him," "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and Plato's "Republic"?

6. Class Will—

(a) What did the class bequeath that no other class has bequeathed before?

(b) Why did they bequeath it?

7. Class Prophecy—

(a) Why will the "Whoozit Weakly" never become of national importance?

(b) What did the editor have against the class of '19?

8. Cadets—

(a) Do you think that Sherman had in mind the drilling of the cadets when he made his famous speech?

(b) Did the cadets have anything to do with Barnum's remark that "there's another fool born every minute"?

C—LITERARY—

1. "Unburied Treasure," Francis Piazzi—

(a) What don't you like about this story?

(b) How does Mr. Piazzi emphasize his points?

(c) Which points?

(d) Do you know of anybody who has found anything better than this?

2 "The Faculty," John Stump—

(a) Compare this essay with some of Smollet's writings.

(b) Do you consider this essay a work of art?

(c) What is your opinion of the Faculty?

3. "For Old Glory," Lawrence Hart—

(a) What was the author's object in writing this story?

(b) Outline the plot of "For Old Glory."

(c) Why do you think this the plot?

(d) Translate into clear English the passages you don't like, substituting good English for the obscure or blasphemous passages.

4. "Possum," Bella Fiske—

(a) What sort of art would you recommend to attract the negroes of the South?

(b) Anything else?

5. "War Socks," Verrel Weber—

(a) Do you believe in war socks?

(b) What else is usually found in war socks besides holes?

(c) Write a ten-page essay on "Why socks should be made by machinery."

6. "Ellen," Frank Fenton—

(a) Recall four stories of this type which did not end this way.

(b) What, in your opinion, is wrong with this story?

(c) Is that all?

(d) Why was **your** story rejected?

D—

We must thank the faculty for their amiable animadversions and kindly interference which have helped to make this book impossible. The members of the staff also did their worst, ably assisted by the printers, but were unable to completely destroy the "Echo." (Outline form suggested by Mr. Steele, free of charge.)

(N. B.—WARNING. This elevated literary production is the work of Alfred Poulsen. As he only recently escaped from the Home for the Feeble-Minded, he is not to be held responsible. THE EDITOR.)

Page

Frontispiece ---------- 3
Foreword ---------- 4
Dedication ---------- 5
Directions for Reading Echo ---------- 6
Faculty ---------- 8
Staff ---------- 10
Editorial ---------- 12
In Memoriam ---------- 14

Literary ---------- 15
- Unburied Treasure—Francis Piazzi ---------- 16
- The Faculty—John Stump ---------- 19
- For Old Glory—Lawrence Hart ---------- 22
- War Socks—Verrel Weber ---------- 27
- Possum—Bella Fiske ---------- 30
- Ellen—Frank Fenton ---------- 32

Classes ---------- 35
- Seniors ---------- 37
- Junior College ---------- 69
- Juniors ---------- 73
- Sophomores ---------- 75
- Freshmen ---------- 77

School Notes ---------- 78
- Associated Student Body ---------- 79
- Student Activities ---------- 81
- Alumni ---------- 99
- Exchanges ---------- 100
- Echo Page ---------- 101

Athletics ---------- 102
- Boys' Athletics ---------- 103
- Girls' Athletics ---------- 118

Jokes ---------- 121

Autographs ---------- 149

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Mr. I. D. Steele.....Vice-Principal—History
A. B. University of Chicago

Miss Hazel M. Fisher.....English—Student Advisor
A. B. Stanford, A. M. Stanford

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Santa Rosa Seminary, Extra Work at Stanford
and University of California

Miss Mary F. Leddy.....Latin
B. A. Stanford

Miss Vesta Gray.....Chemistry
B. S. University of Nebraska, University of Minnesota
and University of California Summer School

Mr. Robert Maile.....Music
B. L. University of California

Miss Ethel Abeele.....Drawing
Art Institution of Chicago, Arts and Crafts at University of California

Miss Edna O'Connor.....English
B. L. University of California

Miss Anita Haub.....Mathematics
A. B. Stanford, A. M. Stanford

Miss Zilpha L. Dempsey.....Physical Education
A. B. Reed College

Mr. Victor N. Hodge.....Physical Education
B. S. University of California

Miss Anna B. Breu.....Spanish, French
Toledo University, A. B. Pomona College, University of California

Mr. Charles L. Hampton.....Agriculture
B. S. University of California College of Agriculture

Miss Genevieve Mott.....History and English
A. B. University of California

Miss Minnette MacKay.....Science
B. S. M. S. University of California Post Graduate and
Three Summer Schools

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Normal, Business College

Miss Orral Machette.....English
A B. Stanford, A. M. Radcliffe College

Miss Mary C. Northrup.....Commercial
Normal and Business College

Miss Mabel L. Nelson.....Physics
B. S. M. S. University of California

Miss Edith W. Patterson.....Sewing
San Jose Normal, Household Arts

Mr. Robert Schaefer.....Manual Training
Stone Institution

Miss Elizabeth Wenk.....Commercial
University of Southern California

Miss Marie G. Miner.....Cooking
Pomona College, Santa Barbara State Normal School

SANTA ROSA HIGH SCHOOL

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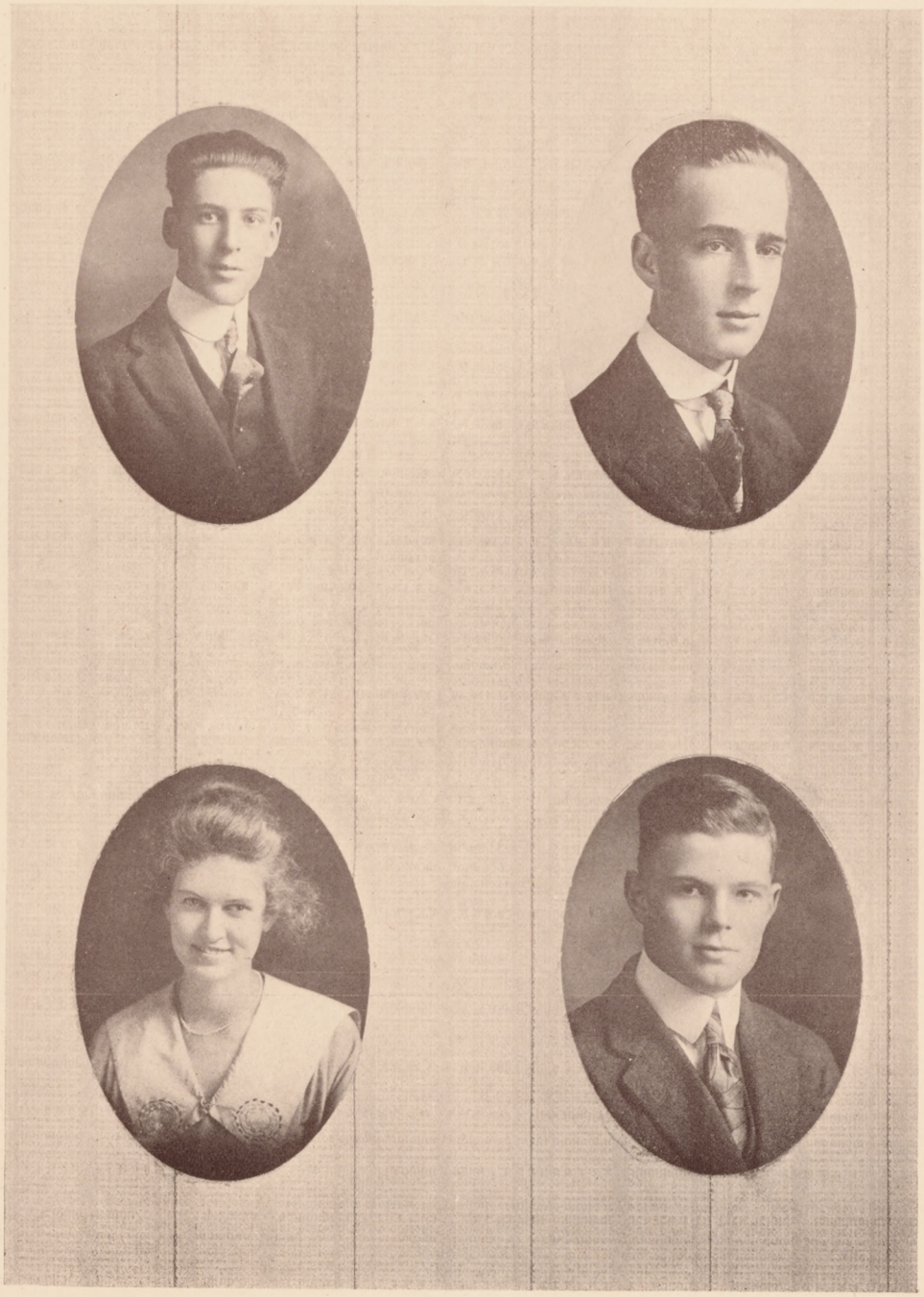

EDWIN CLAPP
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EDITORIAL

Student Body Government

The control of high school governments by the students themselves has been much discussed of late years. There have been arguments for and against student control, and in some high schools and also in colleges, actual experiments in this type of government have been carried out. The problem is of particular interest to us of Santa Rosa High School, as a form of student control has recently been proposed here, and is as yet so new and untried that we do not at present know how it will develop.

In the first place, what does student control mean? Is it complete government by, for, and of the students? And if so, how extensive is student power? The ideal high school government would be one in which the principal of the school would not have to retain the veto because he would be sure that the students were capable of self-government and that no legislation to the detriment of the school and its traditions would be passed. Under perfect conditions, the teachers might leave the buildings, the students being left in absolute control, and their regular work would go on as usual. The students should have full control of government, knowledge of how their government acts, and the power of the student body should extend to every activity of the school.

Why is this impossible in Santa Rosa High School? We have taken our first step toward self-government. Let us not hesitate to go still further. Professor Hanus, an authority on the subject, has said, "No school is a good school until it governs itself." So let us put all activities under the jurisdiction of the students, social as well as athletic affairs, business as well as scholastic. Let us make self-government worth while, not only financially, but morally and intellectually. Self-government will do this. Students who are capable of controlling the affairs of a school will be capable of controlling the affairs of a state or nation. Dr. David Starr Jordan of Stanford University has said, "Self government means self-control." And as at Stanford student control has been tried and found successful, he knows whereof he speaks. Student control is practical.

Wherever it has been tried the students have risen to their responsibilities, and student control has meant more school spirit, and a higher rate of intelligence among the students. Many examples might be cited. In New York city, at the De Witt Clinton High School, on the edge of the East Side district, student body government has been tried and found a success. Here a regular judicial court is maintained, composed of students, who bring to trial offenders against the school laws; and a "strong-arm" squad, likewise composed of students, carries out the decrees of the court. Another case is that of a private school for girls kept by Mrs. Sperry,

where the girls make their own regulations, see to it that these regulations are enforced, and voluntarily undertake whatever seems necessary for the betterment of the school.

The organization of the school should be cooperative. As Dr. Charles W. Elliot has said, "Teachers and students should alike be members." In some schools, study hall control is left to the students. The pupils of each study hall period elect a monitor and an assistant, and a teacher to whom the monitor may appeal in case of need. The monitor has control of the study hall and is responsible for the preservation of order. In other schools the honor system is used.

At the University of Washington, the student body has the initiative, referendum and recall, and the judicial authority is placed in the hands of a board, not in those of the president. This responsibility seems to give good results there.

These examples show what student control has done for some schools and could do for us. Whether all or any of the different kinds of government mentioned would work well in Santa Rosa High we can find out only from experience. But even if we do make mistakes, it will be worth while to institute student control, if it will secure us greater interest of the students in school affairs.

And by all means, let us have meetings of the whole student body. The students as a whole should know what is going on; they should take an active interest in the government of the school as well as in electing representatives to the governing board. The new constitution should provide for this. Our neighbor to the south, Sonoma High, has held student body meetings, once a week, for some time and more real school spirit is developed in this way than in any other.

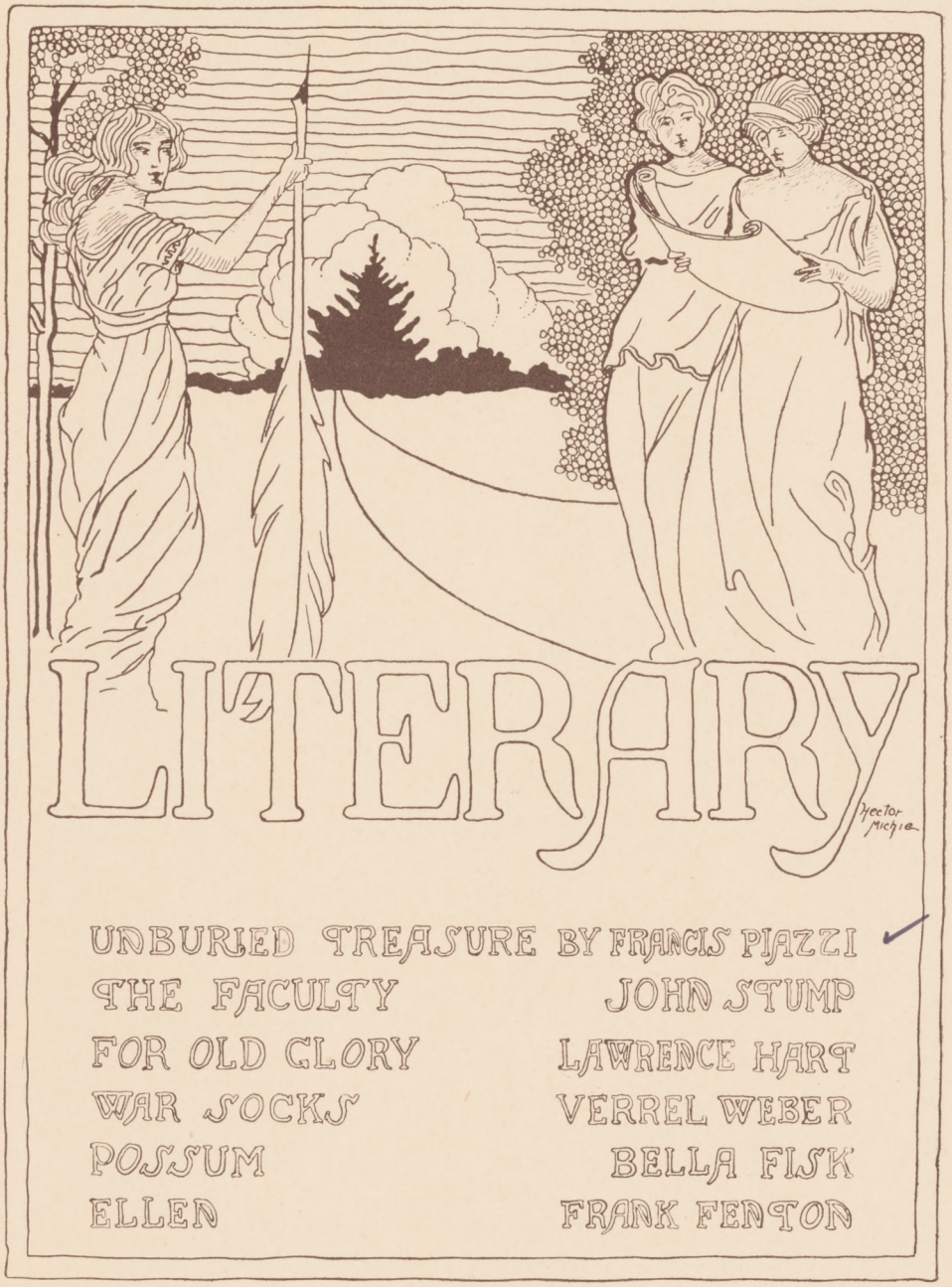
The possibilities of student control, once well begun, are endless. So soon as the students show themselves capable of handling one thing, they can be intrusted with others, and as soon as the students begin to take an active interest in government, they will demand more powers, and they should receive them.

Then let us make a good beginning of student control here in Santa Rosa. Let us find out who our representatives to the governing board are and tell them what we want done, what we think the new constitution should contain. Let us take an active interest in our school. Let us boost for student body meetings, for absolute student control, and we will get them. It is hard for us to realize what an organized student body is capable of doing. If we want to see more school spirit, more democracy, a bigger, better school, finer in every way, if we really care for our old High we will get out and boost for student body control. Let us think it, talk it and get everyone else to do likewise, and all good things are possible for Santa Rosa High School.

In Memoriam

Russell Mitchell
Died -- February 28, 1919

Claire Roberts
Died - - - May 2, 1919



UNBURIED TREASURE BY FRANCIS PIAZZI
THE FACULTY JOHN STUMP
FOR OLD GLORY LAWRENCE HART
WAR SOCKS VERREL WEBER
POSSUM BELLA FISK
ELLEN FRANK FENTON

UNBURIED TREASURE

(First Award)

EXTRA! EXTRA! DEATH OF MILLIONAIRE! Prominent man dies suddenly; cause unknon." This did not interest me much. No matter if they are rich, they will have to go to the Happy Hunting Ground whether they want to or not; but somehow I remembered it.

Two days after this news had been chewed over by the town "hicks" I was in want of diversion. For want of any better occupation I collected Hobo (he ain't a dog, he's my chum), and we wended our innocent (?) way to the Chink Dump, where the garbage, both good and bad, is dumped; regardless of a "Keep Out" sign. Once there we began to rummage over the new spoils and to get ourselves beautifully unclean and quite "heppy." As we plowed our way through a pile of old magazines we perceived a garbage wagon putting in an appearance.

"Ah!" hisses Hobo (who thinks he would make a good villian), "now for the dirty work!" But just then the town clock broke loose and announced it to be twelve o'clock, and as I had promised myself to be somewheres else at that time, I "beat it." Hobo followed, but we promised ourselves to revisit the dump the next day.

At the early hour of 10 a. m. I shooed Hobo out of bed and we again proceeded on our innocent (?) way. Arriving at the dump we encountered the Chinks, but we are brave, we are, so we kept on. Hobo started to cuss, and I joined in the chorus when I found that it was because some one had beaten us to the new pile of garbage. The bushes had been strewn with envelopes and letters, with here and there some broken article of luxury. Among some willow bushes I saw a broken vase, rather fancifully decorated, but thinking it was one of the numerous vases abundant in the Chink Dump, I passed it by.

"All the letters are addressed to that rich jasper that kicked the bucket a few days ago," says Hobo, in his beautiful language, gleaned from numerous "detective stories."

"'Zat so?" queries I, forgettin' that I like to imitate the manner of French and Englishmen, "nuthin funny 'bout that." Then I recollects that I am supposed to be an English duke or sumpin'.

"Rippin'. don't cha know. Perhaps we may run across some of his business lettahs. That'd be bully, don't cha think?"

"Say, cul," says Hobo, rather peeved at my royal manners, and still in his best imitated dialect, "dont pull youah highbrow dope wid muh; it don't woik, see!"

Fearing to cause a diplomatic breakdown between me and Hobo I stops. Hobo (I tell you he ain't a dog), smiled in his superior way and we proceed to our "joint." This is a cave occupying a remote part of the creek, where Hobo and I congregate when we have raided some nearby melon patch or orchard. Here we dislocated ourselves and read some "dime novels," Hobo trying his hand at one with the very original title of "Double Crossed or the Pirate's Last Gasp. In two gasps."

What with the war ceasing and peace filling the world (except in Russia an' between me an' Hobo), it was no wonder that the editor crowded the main local news onto the third page. Here it was that I found the following item:

"The collection of ancient gold and silver coins of Mr. Thorndyke Q. Ypsilanti (he was the millionaire who had died a few weeks before) has mysteriously disappeared. It was a known fact that Mr. Ypsilanti kept the collection, which numbered over five hundred gold pieces and possibly seven hundred silver pieces, in a small wall safe in his study. The will of Mr. Ypsilanti discloses the fact that the collection has been bequeathed to the Western Museum of Numismatics. The Museum has offered a reward equal to the value of the gold and silver. This can be better understood when one knows that the value of the coins as relics, amounts to probably $200,000, while the metal in the coins does not amount to more than $5,000."

Then it went on to say numerous other things about Mr. Ypsilanti, such as press agents use. You can bet, though, that when I read this I hustled out Hobo. He did not get my idea at first, but when I told him that there might be a map or sumpin' among the letters of Mr. Ypsilanti's which had been thrown down the dump, he was with me.

I don't think it took us a minute to get to that dump, and it is a good half-mile from our homes. Well, we rummaged and rummaged and cussed (who wouldn't), but nary a "dubloon" did we find. We went through the letters—nothin'; we dug up the ground, and still nothin'. Then I espied the fancifully decorated vase and sumpin', maybe my sixth sense (maybe not), kinda' made me want to take it and look at it. I lifted it, or rather I tried to. Heavy? Heavy was no name for it; so, seein' I couldn't open it, I broke it. Inside was a chamois skin bag. I yelled for Hobo, and he came a skiddin'. With tremblin' hands I opened my pocket knife and cut the leather thong about the mouth of the bag. My hands shook

so that it was all I could do to open the mouth. What was inside? With a desperate effort and the assistance of Hobo I finally opened it. With nervous eyes and straining necks we both gazed at what fell out.

First one LEAD United States dollar and then another lead one, and then a whole stream of them. Each and every one was punched. They were counterfeits, and probably they had come from the City Hall where they had been collected, and punched so as not to be passed on some one. We were too dismayed and crestfallen to even start to cuss, so we remained silent. Finally Hobo's face brightened.

"Gee, I bet they make dandy 'sailers.' I bet I can throw the first one across the crik." I took him up and in fifteen minutes our stock of "treasure" was gone. Thus ended a perfect (?) day and another one of our many adventures.

Postscript. Don't mention treasure to Hobo if you like to live a while yet.

Francis Piazzi, '22.

CALIFORNIA

Oh California, well beloved thou art!
America is proud to own thy name,
And call thee her own child of worth and fame;
For of earth's greatest nation thou are part.
The old Pacific liest near thy heart,
A friend to guard thee from all woe and shame;
And through the countless ages yet to fame,
Be thou her watchman till all time depart.
In '49 thy wealth did draw the East
And men from all the nation flocked to thee.
Thou gavest them gold for which they fought and died;
Thou gavest them homes, rich fields, whose fruits increased;
And mountains, forests stretching to the sea.
They love thee more than all the world beside.

Ruth Break, '19.

THE FACULTY

(Second Award)

(An Essay Modeled on The Club, from De Coverly Papers)

The first of our august faculty is a gentleman of Humboldt street, a man of long standing renown, a principal; his name, the Hon. De Witt Montgomery. His forefathers were those Montgomerys who played so large a part in old New York's history. All the residents of our prosperous city are acquainted with the abilities of Mr. Montgomery. He is a gentleman with an iron hand, but the use of it is due to his good sense, and it is wielded against his charges only as he thinks their judgment is in the wrong. However, this firmness creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with dogmatism and intolerance—faults so common to high school principals—and being unconfined to Puritanic rule makes him all the readier to please his erring students. When he is within the school building, he occupies a room known as "the office." During his leisure hours he remains strictly at home, feeling a strong sense of duty to De Witt II and little Anne. While in this confinement he became County Superintendent of Schools, during which time he supped with all the "shining lights" of the county. Later he became one of the vestrymen of the Episcopal church. He is in his middle age, cheerful, gay and hearty; his school grows rapidly, his pupils look satisfied, and all profess to love him. When he comes into the hall he beams down at the scholars, and gives a kindly word to all who pass him.

I must not omit that Mr. Montgomery is the high court of appeal, and fills the position with great ability and for a long time in the past has gained universal admiration by the interpretation of the high school constitution.

One who is in authority and esteem is Miss Frances O'Meara, a teacher of great learning in the high school, a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason and great experience. Her notions of learning are noble and generous. She is acquainted with the teaching profession in all its parts, and she will give you ample proof that the quickest and most effective way of maintaining the domination of the teachers is to make use of the study hall for the ninth period. I have heard her prove that delinquency makes a poorer student than study, and that sloth has ruined more pupils than brains. She abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but all play and no work makes Jack a duller boy."

She knows English to such a degree that no matter what question she is asked she answers with the ability and knowledge of an encyclopedia.

The lady I am next to speak of is another English teacher, who is a member of the imposing household of Miss Augusta Collett. She is a woman of great probity, and wit and understanding. She has undertaken the study of the entire field of English and has made a specialty of the prominent figures of the past.

Addison and Steele are better understood by her than Annie Laurie and O. Henry The boys present at every Monday night session, question her concerning the dramas such as Shakepeare's, novels, like those of Sir Walter Scott, and the unraveling of the latest war movies at the "Cline," all of which she answers with the wisdom of Minerva. Moreover she is studying the psychology of each individual pupil. She knows the correct postures to suggest to each of the members of the public speaking class who are anxious to appear as the star at the Greek Theatre. Her taste of books is abreast of the age, for she is constantly reading many, and as a result of that wide reading, is able to make good selection for her pupils.

Next to Miss Orral Matchette, I turn to Miss Lydia Walker, a woman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. Among her supreme talents is her ability to sing and her sweet voice adds greatly to the church services every Sunday morning. She was born in France, where she spent a considerable part of her time, later coming to America. I have never heard her remark of any inclination to return to the land of her birth. However, she has chosen as her profession the spreading of her native tongue. She is small of stature and smiles sweetly, however we are inclined to believe that her mental capacity occupies the greater part of her small figure.

But that our faculty may not appear a set of "matter of fact" people, unacquainted with the pleasures of the age, we have among us the jovial Miss Fisher, a teacher, who, on account of personal magnetism, had the duty of Student Adviser bestowed upon her. She is tall, somewhat stout, (and like all stout people, is good natured). When not teaching she resides at her country home at Penryn, but when she is correcting English papers you will be sure to find her at the abode of Mrs. Watson on Mendocino avenue. She is ready with humorous stories, which all of us thoroughly enjoy. She can smile when one speaks to her, and laughs easily. She knows the history of every pupil and can inform you who have a tendency to study and who have acquired the habit of "bluffing." As other women of her age can tell you what the prevailing fashions are she can tell you the latest Kolb and Dill jokes, who danced with

so and so at the last party, and who fell in the creek at the school picnic. Her presence very much enlivens the conversation among us, and I find that there is not one who does not speak of her as that sort of person who is usually called a happy, intelligent and fascinating person.

I cannot tell whether I am to account her of whom I am next to speak, as exactly one of the faculty, due to my better understanding of her as a relative, although when I do describe her as such, I can base my observations upon a careful understanding of her characteristics. She is a mathematician, a very precise woman, one who strongly inclines to her own opinion, and is slightly coquettish. She has the misfortune to be of a weak constitution and is hard pressed by accepting the cares and responsibilities of her duty as class adviser. She seldom introduces the subject of her teaching. She is a blonde of willowy form with eyes that resemble that pretty blue wildflower that one may see in the green meadow in spring. This young lady may be found either in a seven passenger Studebaker or in a spacious white mansion on Wright street. When she is among us she seems to fall on some interesting subject which she treats with authority. These are some of the members of the faculty with whom I come in contact.

John Stump, '20.

LINES TO THE ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Within the Echo office did I sit,
Attending to the flow of brilliant wit,
When in did come the First Assistant fair
And sit herself forlornly in a chair.
"Now," quoth she, "a poem is my behest,
And since I have requested all the rest.
To no avail, 'tis you I order now
To write a poem." And she made a bow,
Then lo! she smiled!

'Twas such a smile that launched a thousand ships;
'Twas such a smile that played on Cleo's lips,
So how could I, a mortal weak and frail,
Against the witching of the smile prevail?
'Twould be a creature cold and hard to bend
That to her smile no little warmth would lend;
And so have I been trying all the night
Some semblance of a little poem to write,
And here it is! —F. L. F. '19.

FOR OLD GLORY

(Third Award)

Their shades brood o'er it,
For they love it still———

"EXTRA, EXTRA, E-e-e-vening Star-r! Extr-r-ra! Paper Mister?"

So rang the newsboy's chant from the street below.

Old Mr. Norton lifted his head and listened, then turned and gave me that rare, beautiful smile of his, which so often, out of the full maturity of his kindly old age, he bestowed upon me.

"The newsys cried thus on the evening when I enlisted for the Great War," said he. "For 'Old Glory,' they said."

"Who," I questioned, "the newsys?"

"Why no, the presidents."

"The presidents?" said I in perplexity, "you mean that Taft and Roosevelt——"

"Oh, no," said he then. "Time was when I would not have told the story. Even during the war such a tale met with ridicule, but now—. Well, the tale may amuse you. I'm but an absent-minded old duffer now, not much use to anybody; still if my story would give you a little pleasure——

"Ah, there were great men in those days," he began. "They moved the world, those giants of power and intellect; but some of us, we could only see visions, see visions and dream dreams."

I glanced at his worn old Croix de Guerre, one of France's highest honors, above the mantelpiece, and smiled to myself.

"Yes," continued the old man, "I remember that I bought a paper from a newsboy, that evening long ago, and I recall the dolorous tale it brought. Those days saw the height of the great offensive, the last successful offensive of Prussia. The Germans had cut their way far beyond Amiens, Messines Ridge was wavering, but a few more victories and even the Channel ports would be lost to us. America lose! It struck my deadening patriotism. Should Liberty lose? Should Old Glory be defeated? And, as in the experience of all of us in that trying time, borne upon me as never before, came the real significance of the war, the true meaning of that titanic struggle.

"It is doubtless difficult for you, today, to understand the lethargy of our spirits. So far from the seat of battle, how could we understand the nature of the Leonidian sacrifice which France was making for the world? Yet to each of us came his awakening.

And perhaps my awakening will account for the strange experience which I will relate, and will explain the story that I tell.

"I talked the matter over with my wife, and we decided that it was my duty to go. I was in class 4A, wife and children to support, but we had a little money in the bank, and I would always have my army pay So that evening I committed one of the greatest acts of my life.

"After the enlisting formality was over I went out into the hot, still night, so filled with anxiety that I paced the streets of the Capital, and could not, perforce, turn homeward How long I walked the darkened avenues I do not know, but some time in the silent watches of that wonderful night I found myself in the vicinity of the Capitol building. The whole structure seemed dark to me at first, and then I noted a steady, white light, shining from the windows of the council room. This lone light, shining from out of the mass of darkness, drew me, with a mighty and insiduous attraction, and I moved slowly forward, mounting the long stairs, scarcely conscious of the motion which impelled me.

"I found the great doors of the Capitol ajar. I entered, and found my way down the hall, at the other end of which a faint light was glimmering. I paused! I listened! There was a sound of subdued voices, then came the scraping of a chair.

" 'Sirs,' spoke a voice, quiet, resonant, yet mellow. 'Sirs, I have summoned you hither in this time of our country's peril that we may consider her dilemma, and so far as is in our power, mitigate it. We all love America, and only the more because of our long separation from her. Our nation is embroiled in what is admittedly the most terrible war in history. A people across the sea, with whom we never dreamed of waging battle, has begun an attempt at world-wild conquest. This struggle has dragged on for several years, and what now seems to be a decisive battle is now raging, evidently in our enemy's favor. Gentlemen, it is that we may save our beloved land from the terrible humiliation of defeat that I have called you here tonight.

"There came a silence, a silence so deep that the very sound of my breathing seemed to wake echos in that inky hall. I could bear it no longer. I MUST look. Shaking off the uncanny feeling, I approached the door, approached it slowly, and pushed it open.

"The room was pervaded by a strange, unearthly light, in a certain degree resembling moonlight.

"Then there met my eyes, in that haunted room, a sight such as is but seldom vouchsafed our mortal eyes. I beheld before me a lengthy table, about which a number of men were ranged in varying posture. . At the head sat one seemingly lost in thought, his face bent in his palm, so that I could not perceive his features.

But who was that man but three seats to the right? Did I not recognize those earnest features? Surely his lineaments were like unto those of McKinley! But McKinley was dead!

"The figure at the end of the table raised his head, and I saw, as truly as mortal eyes bear witness to the truth, the divine face of America's first President, George Washington. What did it all mean, I wondered? How could these living dead be so plainly beneath my vision? How—

"And then the whole meaning of this strangest of scenes burst with a mighty blow upon my bewildered consciousness. I understood. These were the Presidents of America, and, even after their death, they were gathered together to conspire for her greater weal. Even in this day of her peril they were near at hand; even now they would guide the great ship of state to the happier shore. And to me was granted the inestimable privilege of knowing this; to me had been given the Vision! The swift rushing current of my precipitous thoughts was interrupted. The honored one spoke.

"'My broithers, it has been told me by One whose name is high indeed in Christian lands, that America is to play a part in the drama of nations, similar to that which He played in the story of Judea. America shall be the savior of the nations of the world, as He was the redeemer of the hearts of men. America, with her youthful ideas, with the incessant vitality of youth, with the mighty physical forces of her vast domain, with the greater spiritual might of her highest ideals, shall rejuvenate the globe, shall bring new light to the nations of humanity. It must be so. This is a time of great change. This titanic struggle of frantic warfare is certainly the closing scene of an old era, the opening one of a new.

"'Yet I fear the strugle will be dark and long. I fear that the clouds of human hate will obscure our yet untainted ideals; I fear that America must play in part that sad drama of sacrifice which another endured; I fear that America must of herself be a martyr for the final weal of the peoples of the earth, in the death of her youngest and fairest, robbing her of strength, bathing her in sorrow for the blood of her own citizens.'

"He paused for a moment, then continued in a voice whose calmness and sweetness pierced my very soul with its majestic strength.

"'Though during years of warfare our beloved land may be driven to the supreme height of sacrifice; though it seems that our enemies prevail over all forces, I doubt not that even the greatest of sorrows will leave her in higher and stronger spirit at the end of her endeavors. I doubt not that the supreme sacrifice of repulsive warfare will lead to eventual good, and America will indeed be born again. It is for the best.'

"'I tell you, Sir, there will be little sacrifice,' cried an impet-

uous looking man, jumping from his seat, 'there shall be no sacrifice! We'll put our Yankees across to France, and if they don't lick the Huns in one year they're not worthy of their country! We're going to win, and win soon. I tell you, General Pershing is a real fighting man, with a real fighting man's blood, and he'll defeat them within seven months after he gets a real army of American fighters. Oh, I hate those—'

" 'Mr. Jackson, you forget. Leave hate to our enemies,' said Washington.

"He sat down, seemingly rather abashed by his leader's rebuke, for even men of as strong will and mind as Andrew Jackson were ruled by the simple dignity of Washington's character.

"Then Harrison spoke, also about armies and military things. He treated especially the new weapons of warfare, and plead a mighty aerial force. And many others talked that evening. Everything they said I do not remember, but never shall I forget the speech of the most beloved of our Presidents, but one.

" 'This national sacrifice of which you spoke, Sir,' said Lincoln, addressing Washington, 'is a vital thing to me. Guiding the nation through four years of civil warfare, I realize as truly as anybody the suffering which it involves for those who fight and those who remain at home. Yet I see, even as do you, Sir, the mighty forces which come from Him who plans all human evolution. I see America as the instrument of the divine powers. To me has been shown the plan of a United States of the world, of the Parliament of the nations, the federation of men.

" 'I perceive that among the mighty plans which dwell in the Creator's all embracing mind, is the thought of one world-wide republic. Well may America make sacrifice for the world, and shed her life's blood for the good of humanity! The sacrifice is the greatest which mortal man can offer. Yet he who gives is he who gains, and they who sacrifice themselves find themselves. All is ruled by the principle of divine, universal LOVE.'

The old man paused in his story. "I do not remember more after this, I do not recall leaving the capitol building. The only thing I now recollect is the cool breath of morning felt upon my brow, and a morning-time mist before my eyes. Evidently I stole homeward in the early hours, and gained my rooms before anyone else arose. Martha found me lying on my bed in a stupor, which lasted for several days.

"How the plans of the supreme war council were conveyed to the President I do not know, but I do know that soon after this America's great leader, Woodrow Wilson, brought forward the plan for the nation's league. None guessed the high source whence it came.

"Today whenever I see a likeness of our country's President, I see, not only him, but the mighty concourse behind him of the rulers of America. Forever they are there, I know, and in time of our country's peril and danger, still will they step forth to her succor. They ever keep watch over the loved land, and ever does their majestic presence rest as a light of love over old Glory."

Dear old Mr. Norton is dead now, but still I remember his earnest words to me, when we parted that day never to meet again on this side of the grave—"Old Glory, their shades brood o'er it, for they love it still."

Lawrence Hart, '20.

DEATH

Death, thou blessed and eternal rest,
Essence of sleep with dreams enduring ever;
And an unknown reward used but to sever,
The sufferings of the aged and opprest.
The one unfailing goal of Life's Great Quest,
To mortal sense thou seemest but the lever,
Designed to raise our life-worn souls, forever
Gone—here no more, but onward—West.
Death! What is death? Comes now the fevered question;
Ask we what we will dream ere we may sleep?
Thou of Morpheus a mute relation,
A dream for Every Man to silent reap.
O Death! Of mortal life the culmination;
'Tis but for joy of infinite rest we weep!

Alex Trachman.

WAR SOCKS

JIM SAT THERE, moodily staring at them. They were a fine looking pair of socks, a fine pair! Why, he could knit as well as that, he was sure. How all the dropped stitches had passed the critical eye of the inspector was a mystery to him. However, he concluded, there was nothing to be gained by sitting there looking at them, at the same time just about freezing to death; so he sighed heavily, and started to put one on. As he did so, a small card fell to the ground floor of the bunkhouse. He stooped and picked it up. It was an engraved calling card bearing the name, "Francis M. Palmer," and below it was scribbled in a rather bold hand:

"This is my first pair, so please overlook the various original stitches and knots.' Turning the card over, he found: "538 Lowell avenue, Mayfield, California," in the same handwriting.

As he read the card his face softened and broke into a charming smile, then he threw back his head and laughed long and loud.

"Well," he said, in a pleasant voice, to his shoes as he laced them, "so this is her first pair. I suppose I shall have to write to Miss Francis and thank her."

That evening, in a Y. M. C.A. hut, he sat at a desk, with writing paper before him; should he, or should he not? All the other fellows in his company corresponded with girls at home, so why shouldn't he? But still, they were all fellows who had had many girl friends all their lives; but he, he had always avoided them. There were no girls in the office where he had worked, and none at the boarding house where he had boarded. The only feminine personage he was acquainted with, or interested in, had been the stout, good-natured Mrs. O'Leary, his landlady.

But this girl was, no doubt, expecting an answer, and he would not disappoint her. Taking up a pen he wrote a brief, business-like note of thanks, signed: "Respectfully, Sgt. James C. Lawton, A. E. F., France," and dismissed the matter from his mind.

The following weeks were spent in drilling and intensive training; but the boys were becoming restless, they wanted a change; they hadn't come six thousand miles to drill; they could do that at home; they came over to fight, and if they didn't get a chance to do so soon, they vowed they wouldn't be responsible for their actions.

One morning, as a group of fellows were cleaning their guns, the mail orderly arrived with the mail from home. To Jim he handed a rather fat letter, addressed in writing which he instantly recognized; a letter from Francis! Jim had received but few letters in his life, and this was the first real letter he had ever read.

Francis humbly apologized for being so bold as to send the card with the name and address, but it had been done on a dare. The letter went on to tell of all that was happening at school. It seemed that Francis was a senior in high school, baseball season was just about to open and Francis hoped to make the team as pitcher. Then she told Jim she would like to know what he looked like, and if possible she would like to have a "snap" of him. At the end were a few new jokes which had appeared in the last issue of the school paper. On the whole, it was a jolly, "good friend" letter, and convinced Jim that perhaps he had had, up to this time, a rather perverted idea of the fair sex.

Since you might be interested in "how Jim looked," too, here is an extract from his letter to Francis: "I'm just a big, tall, clumsy fellow, with red hair; the enclosed 'snap' tells you more than I could." The enclosed "snap" was a picture of a tall, well built fellow in uniform, not handsome, but having a very cheery smile, and you could almost see his eyes twinkle.

Concerning personal description, however, Francis was just as meager in reply: "I'm tall, too, only my hair is brown, and I have blue eyes. I won't send you a picture, for I fear you will be disappointed and will stop writing to me, and you really can't imagine how I enjoy the comradeship of your jolly letters."

And so, in the following months, they carried on an animated correspondence and their friendship grew.

At last, orders came to advance. Jim's company was to move up and occupy the front line trenches. The boys all rejoiced; how glad they were to be on the move and in the fight! A few days later, after Jim's company had gloriously gone "over the top," Jim was found in a shell hole by the stretcher bearers. He was unconscious and horribly wounded. As soon as it was possible, he was transported to the dressing station; thence to the base hospital.

There, in December, he underwent a serious operation, and, thanks to the skill of the surgeon, and to his own wonderful vitality and will power, he was soon on the road to recovery.

As he was lying listlessly on his cot, dreaming idly, an orderly appeared with a box and a letter. These he left by the bedside. Jim's face brightened; a letter and a box from Frances! It was a Christmas box, and indeed it was full of Christmas cheer. There was a sprig of holly tied with a bright scarlet ribbon, a book, a silver pencil with his initials engraved on it, some wonderful cookies, and some powerfully good home-made candy. And that letter, how

good it made him feel! After the excitement was over, he lay there thinking: Francis was certainly the best friend he had ever had. What wouldn't he give to see her and tell her how much good her letter and box had done and how—well, anyway, he resolved then and there to go to see her as soon as he got back in the States.

Several months later, in the spring—and spring in Mayfield is the most beautiful time of the year—Jim, limping slightly, walked slowly down Lowell avenue, in the shade of the blooming locust trees. He stopped in front of a large, aristocratic looking house, surrounded by a well kept garden. Yes, this was it; there was the number on the porch pillar, 538.

With his heart pounding so he feared it would jump out of place, Jim straightened his shoulders, mounted the low broad stone steps and rang the bell. A precise maid opened the door. Jim presented his card, and asked to see "Miss Francis Palmer." The maid smiled, and said: "Francis is in the living room, sir."

"Oh, Jim! Is it really you?" This in full, deep tones from the living room.

Approaching, Jim said, "Yes, Fran—I, oh——" and stopped, speechless; for there in the center of the room stood a tall, healthy school boy with brown hair, and blue eyes.

"I'm Francis," he said, smiling. "What were you going to say?"

"Nothing,—except that I,—that is, you know—oh, well, that I certainly enjoyed your letters, and I came to tell you how much good they have done me." With this, Jim turned on his heel and started out.

"Hey! wait! Don't leave so soon. I know it was a beastly trick to play, but you know, you really did it all,—with your imagination. Every word I wrote was the truth. Of course, the socks put you on the wrong track, but still, it seems to me, that any sane man would realize that no one but a boy could have made such a mess as they were."

"That's so."—in a dull, lifeless voice.

"I'd never have kept it up if it hadn't been for Sis. She really took the matter into her own hands after the first few letters, and dictated all the rest; she fixed the Christmas box, too. I think I had better call her and let her explain fully. Bob! Oh, Barbara!"

"Yes, Frank."

"C'm on down stairs."

"Really, Jim, she's a jolly good sport and——"

Just then an attractive, mischievous looking girl came in. Francis, taking Jim by the arm, said, "Jim, this is my sister Barbara, and I know you'll like her heaps." Plunging his hands deep into his pockets, Francis made his exit, whistling "The End of a Perfect Day."

of a Perfect Day."

Verrel Weber, '18.

POSSUM

HEY, SOMEBODY get that chocolate drop out of the way quick," yelled Kid Bodey lustily, "he's blockin' the traffic and we got to play ball. Teddy, run him out."

A wiry, dust covered negro scrambled up and dashed for the offender, who was sitting serenely on first base, munching a large apple, oblivious of the commotions he was causing. When Bodey, the camp leader, yelled at anyone he usually moved; but Possum refused to budge until dragged off by Teddy to the corner, where he sat weeping bitterly, while the interrupted game proceeded under the tyranous direction of Bodey.

Possum was a small black waif, whose life in the Aid Camp was made miserable by the other fellows because he was not there for any wrong doing, which accounted for the presence of the others. "Turner's rag doll," "Camp Pet" were the terms they used to tease him. These things rankled in the heart of the little outcast as he sat in the hot sun. He suddenly sat up and smeared the tears across his face with a dirty little hand and looked for Bodey, while his black face twisted with anger. Across the yard Bodey was sitting on the head of a prostrate form. He had wearied of baseball and was finding amusement in pulling Teddy's hair and hearing him yell. How could he get even? He couldn't sit on Bodey and pull his hair, or even push him into the corner while he played ball. Bodey was too big, and besides everyone was afraid of Bodey. No one would help the "little black Angel." If only he could get some of the camp on his side. He dragged a much chewed stump of a pencil and a ragged note book out of his pocket, and began making aimless markings, which showed how angry he was. Finally he began to sketch Bodey and Teddy. As he sketched he forgot his anger and his dusty fingers worked swiftly. Several times he had to hide his work, for inquisitive fellows kept poking up to see if "Possum was writing to his mamma."

A shrill whistle sounded and the boys instantly stopped everything to race into line. Bodey gave one last wrench to the black wool in front of him and tore off, leaving his victim to scramble up and rush after him.

"Boys, Mr. Boyd is here with us today to visit the camp and become acquainted with some of you," Mr. Turner said, introducing a stout man with large glasses and twinkling eyes. "Show him the

camp and what fine fellows you can be." The whistle sounded again and they were dismissed.

"Aw, say, Mr. Boyd, I'll show youse around," drawled Bodey, knocking several smaller boys out of his way. "We've got a swell baseball diamond, if you'd like to see it. You little kids get out. I can show Mr. Boyd around without none of you around. Possum, get out of the way."

Again Bodey triumphed, and Possum was pushed back in contempt. He returned to his drawing, making a sketch of Bodey's monopolization of Mr. Boyd, and himself being pushed aside. He worked diligently, portraying with wonderful clearness the triumphant expression on the bully's face.

Finally he sat up to see Mr. Boyd gazing over his shoulder, and Bodey standing sullenly by.

"Let me see that. It looks good," said the visitor, smilingly extending his hand. Possum flashed a row of white teeth in a smile and handed both drawings to the man. A long drawn whistle was the only comment at first; then, "May I keep these for a while, my son?"

"Sure," responded Possum. "I can make some more."

"Thank you, and you, Mr. Bodey, for showing me your fine grounds. But I must see Mr. Turner," he said, and walked off to the officer's tent.

Bodey gave Possum a scathing look and raced away to break into a game of mumble peg.

Two hours later the whistle again sounded, and the boys hastened to their places, to find Possum and Mr. Boyd standing before Turner's tent. Possum was dressed in his best suit, and a worn cardboard suit case was beside him.

"I have called you boys together to wish your departing playmate success in his work," said Mr. Turner. "Mr. Boyd is going to put Possum through art school, and I thought you would want to say goodby to him."

The boys forgot their prejudice in a chorus of cheers. All but Bodey, who gazed fixedly at the ground.

"Aw, Mr. Boyd asked me first, but I says I didn't want to go to no art school." Possum heard Bodey boasting as he went out of the gate beside his new friend. But when he turned to look again at the camp before stepping into the car, he saw Bodey gazing wistfully after the car which was to carry him into the far land of his dreams.

Bella Fisk, '21.

ELLEN

THE SOFT SUMMER twilight had fallen over the pretty landscape of County Cork. The hills and trees were blended in the purple dusk. A small stream, glistening in the dim light, ran musically along between sloping banks, covered with flowers. In the foreground was an object that seemed discordant in that peaceful scene. There on the bank of the stream lay the ruins of a small stone cottage. Another eviction had taken place. Old Mrs. O'Donnell had been unable to pay her rent. The English agent would take no excuses. The absentee landlord wished to have his money, and when it could not be obtained, Mrs. O'Donnell had been turned out, and her little cottage battered down.

Near the ruins sat the old woman, and at her feet a young girl, her granddaughter, who was sobbing bitterly. The old woman did not cry. She had seen too much of English cruelty to be moved to tears by an eviction, but her old eyes were ablaze with a hatred that generations have been unable to wipe out. While the girl cried her grandmother began to pray, not in English (that would be a sacrilege), but in Celtic. Softly she prayed, and as she spoke, the girl's sobbing became less until it stopped, and then she, too, began to pray softly in her native tongue.

Suddenly they were interrupted by the arrival of a man.

"And who's there?" asked Mrs. O'Donnell sharply.

"'Tis only me, Cassidy, come down from the master's to bid ye up there for the night."

"Well, Cassidy," said Mrs. O'Donnell, "you may be goin' back agin and say I'll not be up there. I'll not be sleepin' under the roof of a man that has English blood in his veins. Ah, yes! I know what you'll be sayin' now: that Mr. Churchill's ancestors came here so many years ago that he's not English, and his own mither was Irish. Good Father Ryan will take us in this night; and come, Ellen child, 'tis time we were goin'.'

With this Mrs. O'Donnell turned her back on Cassidy, and with Ellen soon disappeared into the gathering darkness.

A few days later Mrs. O'Donnell and her granddaughter left the house of the kind priest to live in a cottage situated on a plot of ground adjoining the Churchill farm. Churchill's son Tom, was a few years older than Ellen. They soon became fast friends, but one day Mrs. O'Donnell called Ellen to her and told her never again to be found with Tom Churchill. The girl was puzzled, because

Tom was a pleasant boy, kind and gentle, with "just a bit o' the divil in him," but the old woman was so determined that Ellen was frightened into obedience for more than a year. Then she gradually saw more and more of Tom, but she was careful never to let her grandmother learn of their meetings.

The years passed by, and as Tom's admiration for Ellen grew, it troubled him greatly to think that Ellen's grandmother hated him and his father, with the same hatred that she held for her English oppressors. Tom was forced to meet Ellen secretly, and he could never visit her home, but they were both very happy in spite of this obstacle, and of their ignorance of the terrible catastrophe that was fast approaching.

In 1845 the last of the terrible famines, the result of English negligence, visited Ireland. Thousands of people perished, and one of the first was old Mrs. O'Donnell. Good old Father Ryan dropped dead from starvation and fatigue while carrying food to one of his parishioners, and his body was torn to pieces by the ravenous dogs that thronged the village.

Ellen's little stock of food became less and less, and she knew that in a week it would be gone. One day she was filled with horror at the word that everyone on the Churchill place had died. Ellen had lost everyone that was dear to her. For a few days she was stunned by the blow; but after she had regained her composure, she thought of her future, and realized that she must do something at once. She thought of a plan Tom had confided to her months before: he wished to go to America, where he would be free from English shackles, and he had asked her to go with him. Then she had thought it impossible, but now she resolved to make her way to a seaport and go to America.

The next day, taking her few possessions, and arming herself with a stout club to beat off any dog that might attack her, for some were now attacking the living as well as the dead, she set out for the sea. She walked all day, hardly stopping to rest, and that night reached Kinsale. Tired as she was, she did not dare to sleep, because there were hundreds of others waiting to embark on the first outgoing vessel. Towards morning she managed to get passage on a vessel bound for Boston. In the gray fog of the morning the ship left the harbor, and Ellen, filled with sorrow, looked for the last time on unhappy Ireland.

Nearly three weeks later Ellen, weak from seasickness, landed in Boston. She was bewildered and afraid. She wandered slowly about the streets until she saw a sign that gave her relief. It read, "Mrs. Rafferty's Boarding House." That name gave her confidence, and she resolved to see Mrs. Rafferty, who proved to be a jolly, kind-hearted Irish woman. She listened with great sympathy while Ellen told her story, and when she had finished speaking, Mrs.

Rafferty said, "Well, ye poor child! Ye shall stay right here with me, and don't be worryin' yerself about money. Whin ye're stronger ye can go to work for me, for, sure, me business is pickin' up grand."

So it was that Ellen began to work for Mrs. Rafferty.

One day, two years later, she was going down the hall on her way to make the beds, when she stopped suddenly and, as she listened, she became deathly pale. From one of the rooms came the sound of someone singing:

"Kathleen Mavoureen! the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still!"

"Mother of God," she murmured, "'tis his ghost come back to haunt me." The voice continued to sing:

"Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be———"

The voice stopped suddenly, and Ellen could hear someone moving about, and then she heard a man's voice say, "Now where the divil did that collar button go?"

A look of relief and joy came over Ellen's face as she said, "Sure, and no ghost would be losin' a collar button. 'Twas a gossip's tale that I believed. He has come to me," and then she started to sing the reply as she had often done before:

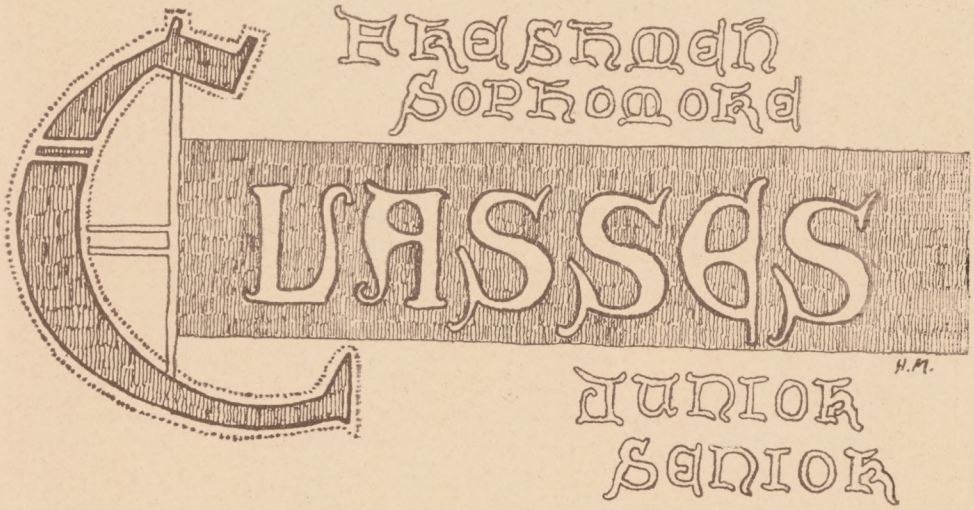
"Oh! Dermot astore! between waking and sleeping,
I heard thy dear voice, and I wept to its lay;
Every pulse of my heart....."

She got no further because she was clasped in Tom's arms.

"Where did ye come from, Tom? How long have ye been here?" she asked breathlessly.

"I have searched for you a long time, Ellen," he said. "As soon as I had made sure that you had left Ireland I started for America, because I was sure you would come here. Our ship was driven from its course by a storm, and we landed in Cuba. I started to come north, and I have been searching every city for you. Oh, Ellen girl, I have found you again," he cried, "and now we can marry, because we are neither English nor Irish now, girl. We're Americans, Ellen, we're Americans!"

F. L. F. '19.


Freshmen
Sophomore
Classes
H.M.
Junior
Senior

CLASS RIVALRY

Never in the history of the Santa Rosa High School has there been such a display of school spirit as in the spring of 1919. The students have taken more interest in government, athletics, and all student activities in general than ever before. One of the forms in which this spirit has been shown most prominently is interclass rivalry.

Just how this rivalry began no one seems to know, but the first sign of it was when the Seniors hoisted a flag bearing their class numerals on the staff on the high school tower. The flag was, of course, promptly removed by the powers that be, but the Sophomores had had time to see it, and the war was on.

A number of events that took place about this time were given an interclass character, the candy sale, the two field meets (boys' and girls'), and the campaign for student body membership, and helped the spirit of rivalry along.

The Seniors' flag was discovered one morning placed in the top of the tree that grows in the center of the track, and was removed with great vigor and dispatch by the Sophomores. This happened on several occasions. Everyone began to wear his class colors, and color snatching became the order of the day. Several color rushes also took place, the most memorable one being that which occurred on the day of the girls' track meet, when the Seniors attempted to capture the Sophomores' banner. When the excitement was over neither party seemed to be severely damaged, but the banner, the bone of contention, was ruined beyond repair.

This section of the "Echo" has been devoted to the classes to allow them to express themselves as to their importance. When reading the class histories you will doubtless find that each one of the classes is the most important on earth, but a glance at the picture of the class across the page will destroy this illusion.

The Seniors, of course, have the largest section, but the other classes are well represented, as well as the Junior College.

Class rivalry has been a good thing for the school. It has added more "pep" and ginger to the life of the Hi than any other single influence. Where the Orange and Black are concerned, the classes vie with one another to boost the Hi. May class rivalry continue!

Class Flower

SENIORS

OFFICERS

President, Walter Lamore
Vice President, Steward McIntyre
Secretary, Wentworth Barnett
Representatives:
Helen Crane
Clare Sullivan
Henry Schaefer
Frank Fenton

MOTTO

"Rowing, Not Drifting."

COLORS

Red and White.

1919

CLASS ROLL

Beatrice Allison
Wentworth Barnett
Marian Belden
Laura Birkhofer
Ruth Break
Evangeline Break
Alice Brewer
Edith Broadwell
Thomas Brownscombe
Genevieve Bussman
Mary Campbell
Will Carithers
Edwin Clapp
Helen Clark
Helen Crane
Roderick Craig
Bernice Cundiff
Edwin Moore
Burnett Dibble
Frank Fenton
Mary Freeman
Bess Godman
Bertha Gutermute
Ethel Hahn
Isabel Homan
Josephine Ivanoff
Howard Kirby
Walter Lamore
George Long
Lou Donie Love
Alta Litton
Steward McIntyre
Arthur McDowell
Josephine Moore
Edith Moore
Hector Michie
Marian Peterson
Ernest Price
Lillian Rinner
Marie Roberts
Damian Schank
Henry Schaefer
Marjorie Scott
Leonora Shearer
Annie Sheppard
Verne Smith
Clare Sullivan
Mary Stewart
Shannon Turner
Esther Trudgett
Mildred Wright
Wendell Wilson

WENDELL WILSON
BEATRICE ALLISON

ALTA LYTTON
VERNE SMITH

HOWARD KIRBY BERTHA GUTERMUTE

MARIAN BELDEN

MARY STEWART ARTHUR McDOWELL

ANNIE SHEPPARD

ISABEL HOMAN

SHANNON TURNER

JOSEPHINE IVANHOFF

GENEVIEVE BUSSMAN

ETHEL HAHN

LOU DONIE LOVE

HECTOR MICHIE

LAURA BIRKHOFER

JOSEPHINE MOORE

ESTHER TRUDGETT

HENRY SCHAEFER

EDITH BROADWELL

FRANK FENTON

HELEN CLARK

WILL CARITHERS LEONORA SHEARER

MARJORIE SCOTT

MARION PETERSON GEORGE LONG

DAMIAN SCHANK MARIE ROBERTS

ALICE BREWER

MARY FREEMAN THOMAS BROWNSCOMBE

EDWIN CLAPP

MARY CAMPBELL

RUTH BREAK

EVANGELINE BREAK

EDWIN MOORE

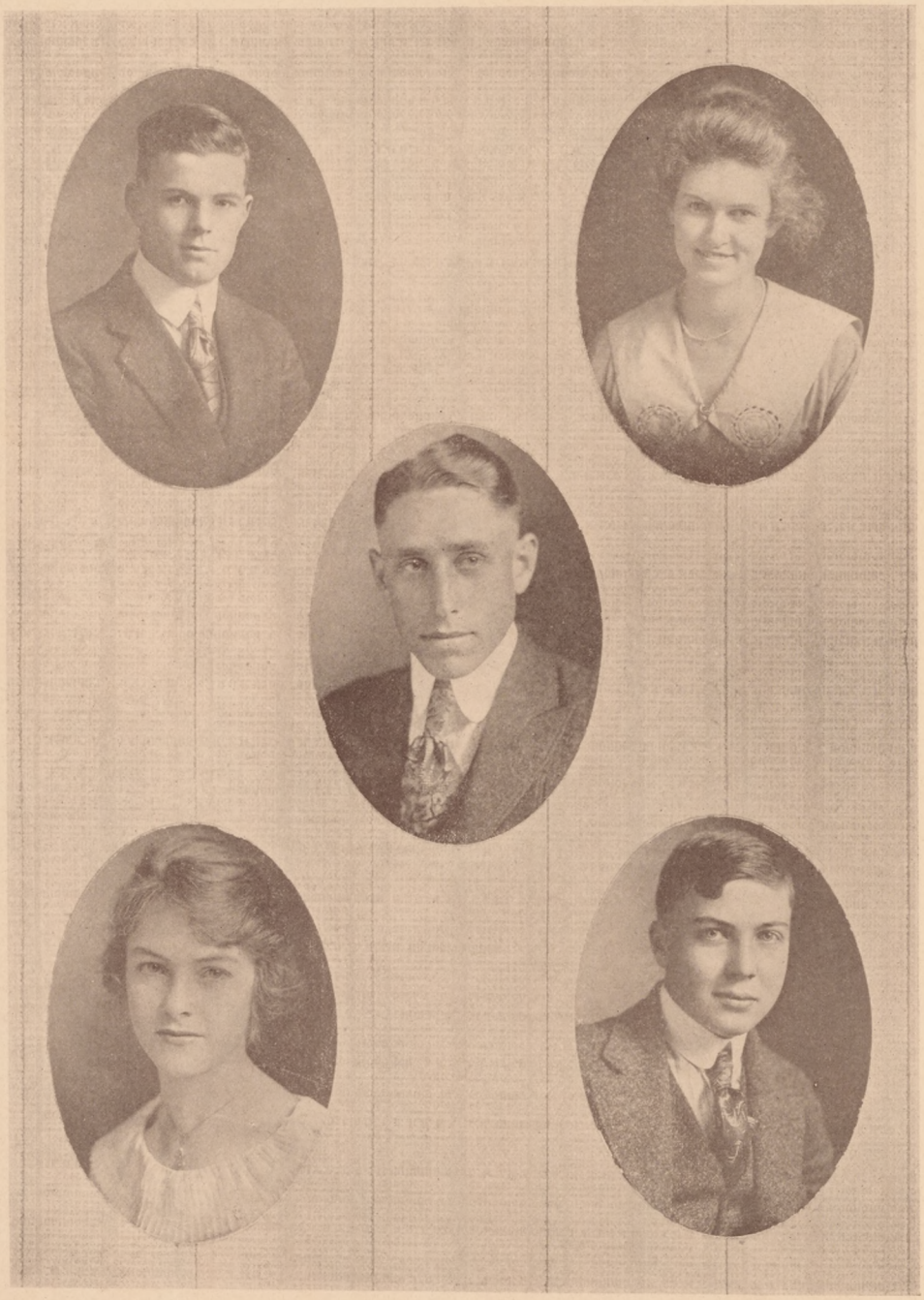
LILLIAN RINNER

BURNETT DIBBLE

BESS GODMAN

ERNEST PRICE

MILDRED WRIGHT



STEWARD McINTYRE

HELEN CRANE

WALT LAMORE

CLARE SULLIVAN

WENTWORTH BARNETT

RODERICK CRAIG

EDITH MOORE

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '19

A golden age of four years' duration has just ended! It began when we, the Class of '19 entered the Santa Rosa High School, and in comparison with other historic ages it has been short and sweet. It was divided into four parts, each one representing a year of school life.

Will we ever forget the first year? How learned and dignified the Seniors seemed to us then! That year was filled with good times as well as study. The first social event in our high school career was the Freshman reception, which was given by the Mothers' Club; and a right royal welcome it was, too. Then in the Interclass field meet, which was held that year, we did our very best to win, though the Juniors were victorious.

When we attained the position of Sophomores we played our part nobly in the school, and displayed a great amount of school spirit. The girls' track meet was held in the spring, and the athletic ability which was shown by the Sophomores is worthy of remembrance. The biggest social event of this year was the picnic, which we held in the gymnasium. It was a picnic in the truest sense of the word, and those who were present will never forget what a good time it was.

Our Junior year was begun by electing good and faithful class officers, of whom we were justly proud. We as a class stood high in Athletics. The Junior-Senior Girls' organization of this year was a splendid success. A candy sale was held under its auspices in December, the proceeds going to aid the Red Cross. The amount cleared was sixteen dollars. Then the Hi Jinks was held in February as a welcome to those girls who entered at Christmas time. Everybody who attended will long remember the notable wedding scene which was enacted. Prizes were given for best costumes.

At last we reached the coveted position of Seniors, and although our last school year has been much interrupted because of the "flu," we haven't been deprived of all good times or hard study either. The party which was to be given to the Seniors by the Junior College was postponed four times because of the "flu," and although it hasn't materialized yet, we hold no hard feelings against the Junior College, because we are sure their intentions were good. Although our social times have been few in number, we have ranked high in patriotic service. During the Fourth Liberty Loan drive there was a patriotic parade in which all the pupils of the Santa Rosa schools took part, and the Seniors were all in their places that day. Then came the Red Cross speeches at Christmas time, and

nearly all the speakers were chosen from the Senior class. We hope many people were persuaded to answer the Red Cross Roll Call because of our efforts.

We have now come to the time which may be termed in Senior phraseology our Red Letter Day, the day on which we complete our high school course.

In looking back upon the past four years we realize that they have been filled with pleasure, and as we leave the dear old High we will carry with us and cherish the happiest memories a class has had. Ruth Break '19.

COMMENCEMENT

This year the graduation exercises will differ from those of previous years. At this writing the final arrangements have not been made, but the following is a sketch of the program:

The exercises will be held outside this year, in order that more people may attend. The principal feature of the evening will be a garden scene from Twelfth Night, presented by members of the Senior class. The scene will be given on the lawn in front of the Annex, where it will be possible to obtain a very beautiful setting. Mr. Maile's chorus and the orchestra will furnish the music for the evening. We hope to obtain a good speaker for graduation this year, but at this time the committee is unable to say who the speaker will be. In addition to these features, there will probably be one or two numbers by members of the graduating class.

'Tis wet, 'tis dry; 'tis dark, 'tis light;
We love, caress, we hate, we fight,
The light is out; and now doth burn;
'Tis but the world in daily turn!

—Alex Trachman '20.

Class Will

We, the Class of One Thousand Nine Hundred and Nineteen, of the Santa Rosa High School, of the City of Santa Rosa, in the County of Sonoma and State of California, being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish and declare, this, our

Last Will and Testament

in manner following, that is to say:

FIRST: To The Juniors, we leave our spontaneous pep and dignity, and also our ability to "bulldoze" Monty.

SECOND: To The Sophomores we bequeath our dignity, also our attentiveness to the faculty and their requests.

THIRD: To the poor abused Freshmen we leave our surplus energy, desiring that they accept it graciously.

FOURTH: To The Faculty we leave our best love and wishes.

As Individuals *we bequeath the following:*

Being of a rather unsound mind and flighty nature, I, GENEVIEVE BUSSMAN, bequeath my love for my powder puff to VIVIAN KIDD, so that she may keep her nose better shined. My dainty little curls I leave to HELEN BRIDINGER.

I, LILLIAN RINNER, leave my most dearly beloved purple sweater to HUGH HASKELL, for I think this would enable him to become more popular with the girls. My crown of glorious carrot hair I leave to HAROLD STUMP, so that he may be more easily seen.

Since the end is drawing near, I, MILDRED WRIGHT, leave my interest in PERCY ALEXANDERSON to MARGUERITE CHAPMAN, thinking that she may not be so sad over the absence of Blitz.

I, LENORA SHEARER, knowing that I am about to leave this realm of knowledge, leave my affection for caterpillars to anyone who can succeed in catching them.

I, HECTOR MICHIE, knowing my days are numbered, do leave my ability as an artist to anyone who wishes to do as I have done to get on the good side of Miss Abeel.

As the end approaches, I, HENRY SHAEFER, leave my little

bow ties to ROLAND HERBERT so that he may become more of a favorite with the ladies. My gallant and stately figure sadly I leave to RICHARD CAREY.

I, EDWIN CLAPP, leave my numerous E's to any deserving Freshman who wishes to show his knowledge. My ability as a writer I leave to VIRGINIA HARDENBROOK so she will not have to write her name in the books belonging to the Sebastopol students.

I, HOWARD KIRBY, not knowing how the school will get along without my wonderful ability as an actor, do bequeath it to ROY KUYKENDALL that he may succeed in getting on the good side of Marian Peterson.

I, HELEN CRANE, knowing my end is slowly approaching, do hereby make this my last will and testament. My interest in cadet officers I leave to MILDRED BUTTON, knowing she will cherish it. My superfluous credits I leave to DONALD KIDD.

With much fear and anguish, I, BERNICE CUNDIFF, hear the muffled steps of Dame Doom approaching, and now that I must leave this High School, do leave my ability as a swimmer to ELIZABETH PRESSLEY. My interest in public speaking I leave to ROLAND HERBERT.

We, MARY FREEMAN and ALICE BREWER, the inseparable, do hereby make this our last Will and Testament. The care of Mrs. Nason's bulldog we leave to MISS NORTHRUP, knowing her fondness for noise. Our brilliance in Room 11 we leave to MELVIN BROOKS.

Fearing my days of second childhood are about gone, I, BESS GODMAN, leave my interest in Analy to RUTH EPPERSON, knowing she will cherish it. My ability to make faithful knights out of the stern sex, I leave to MARGUERITE CHAPMAN to add to her store.

I, EARL HEITSMITH, fearing my hours of Ford riding are about to end in a last grievous snort, do make the following bequest: My ability as a graceful dancer, I leave to MALCOLM WEEKS; my love and devotion to Miss Gray I leave to BRUCE SEYMOUR.

I, BEATRICE ALLISON, realizing the end is at hand, leave my always ready school spirit to FRIEDA WALKER, knowing she will use it to the best of advantage. My interest in a certain Junior College Student I leave to any one who is in need of knowledge.

Knowing that the time has come for me to depart, I, THOMAS BROWNSCOMBE, leave my two pairs of trousers to RUSSELL

MERRITT. I also guarantee that he need not hestitate in wearing them, for they are the latest style. My secret of graduating in such a short time I leave to ERNEST ALLEN, so he will be able to graduate in the next two years.

I, WENTWORTH BARNETT, trying to make my fellow students believe I am of sound mind, do make my will as follows: I leave my style of hair cut to GEORGE LEPPO so he will be able to make a fine appearance when he escorts Elizabeth Thompson to the Freshman Dance. My flashing blue eyes I leave to any one who will use them on the fair sex to better advantage than I have done.

I, MARIAN BELDEN, knowing that it is time for me to leave the beloved S. R. H. S. do leave my style of hair dress to ALICE BROWN in case she should forget just how to arrange her own. But my walk I shall have to keep, since I know no one will be able to navigate as I do.

I, RODERICK CRAIG, being of sound mind, do make my last will. I leave to JOHN LUCAS my Sunday suit of brown corduroy, knowing he will use it well and will have no fear of not being dressed to fit every occasion. My lovely gorlden curls I leave to any one who needs them.

I, MARJORIE SCOTT, leave my winning ways to LEONA NIELSON, realizing she is very much in need of them to aid her in securing her friends. My accomplishment of being engaged before I am graduated, I leave to THYRA MORRILL.

I, MARY STEWART ,on this last and serious occasion, do leave my popularity with all the boys to ONEIDA SNODGRASS. My little giggle I can not part with, as it is all I have in the world.

I, BERTHA GUTERMUTE, leave my art of driving a motor car to any girl who tries to race with Mr. Montgomery on the Highway. My plump figure I leave to VERNA KING. My interest in invalids and Turkish baths I leave to THELMA COFFEY.

I, ANNIE SHEPHERD, do leave to BETH LETOLD my secret of keeping thin; and the art of preparing my lessons in an honest way I leave to JEWEL HODGSON, so she will not waste time trying to find the sharks of the different classes to do her work.

I, EDITH BROADWELL, leave to any canny Freshman my ability to paint a can and make it look as if it weren't a can. My beautiful curls I leave to ROSE BABBINO.

I, EVANGELINE BREAK, realizing the end is here, do leave my quiet little manner to JULIA OAKES, so that she will be able

to control herself in the English classes. My forwardness, and also my boldness I leave to the quiet MINNIE SILVER.

I, RUTH BREAK, being ready to go forth from this house of learning, leave my interest in the Stillman Freckle Cream jar to GEORGE LUTTRELL. My speedy gait, I leave to MR. STEELE so that he will be able to get to class on time once a week.

I, LAURA BIRKHOFER, not knowing what the future will bring, leave my slow, drawling voice to MARYLEE PATTON. My Northwestern Pacific Railroad ticket I leave to WILMA COMSTOCK lest Henry Ford should not be able to get a drink after July 1.

I, ISABEL HOMAN, being of sound mind and unstable soul, and feeling that the end of all is fast approaching, leave my brilliant answers in Room 10 to ELMER NEAR to enable him to pass by Miss O'Meara.

Knowing that my entrance into the land of eternal bliss is here, I LOU DONNIE LOVE, bequeath my great store of Latin to Miss Leddy's nephew to satisfy her that he really does know something.

Having shrunk so much from ancient age, I, EDITH MOORE, leave my Pavlowa figure to ZALLA NOBLE to enable her to balance the scales at three hundred pounds when she reaches my station. My former position as doughnut fryer, I leave to ESTELLA BARNES.

I, JOSEPHINE IVANOFF, do hereby bequeath my romantic name to MILDRED BUTTON, and my flashy sweaters to JOSEPHINE MacCARTHY.

I, ALTA LITTON, knowing that my days are numbered and wishing to make my last will and testament, do hereby bequeath my slim figure to ELIZABETH PRESSLEY, and my long scarf to THYRA MORRILL to aid her in keeping her shoulders warm.

I, GEORGE LONG, being in good health and sound mind, do hereby will my tennis ability to BILL COWAN and my "pull with Miss O'Meara" to ALEX TRACKMAN.

I, ARTHUR McDOWELL, feeling sure that my time has come, and desiring to make my last will and testament, do hereby bequeath my flashing wit to JOHN STUMP. I leave my interest in a certain P. G. girl to ELMER NEAR. My bum shoulder I leave to DON KIDD so that he may have a substantial excuse for not being in league meets.

I, EDWIN MOORE, being of unsound mind, do will my gentle walk and demure bearing to MELVIN BROOKS that he may

become known in his own class. My running ability I bequeath to ALFRED POULSEN that he may be enabled to reach school by nine-thirty.

I, WILL CARITHERS, leave my position as Captain of the Cadets to LAWRENCE HART, knowing well with what grace he will fill the position. My beloved red sweater I bequeath to BILL WRIGHT, providing he will use as much discretion in wearing it as I have.

I, MARIE ROBERTS, the tall, willowy society leader of Bennett Valley, leave my interest in yellow cars to LEATHA FULTON. My set of paper dolls, all complete, I sadly leave to ETHEL GRAHAM, knowing well that she will enjoy them.

I, CLARE SULLIVAN, with great regret, leave my interest in a certain fast Athlete to MINNIE SILVER. My porous knit smock I leave to MILDRED BUTTON to add to her collection.

I, ESTHER TRUDGETT, the dreamy-eyed maiden, do bequeath my bewitching shape to MILDRED BUTTON. My studious habits, VIRGINIA POMEROY may have for the asking.

I, Melba, the second, alias MARY CAMPBELL, leave my voice to JULIA OAKES. My precious purse I shall entrust to the care of FARMER EDWARDS. The art of dressing my hair I leave to BELLA FISKE

I, ETHEL HAHN, the accomplished and beautiful, do bequeath my noisy manner to ETHEL GRAHAM. My neatness I leave to any under-classman that can wash her clothes every day.

I, ERNEST PRICE, making my departure from S. R. H. S. with many tears, do will my school and class spirit to the class of '20, hoping it will be as much of a benefit to them as it was to to the glorious class of '19. My jazzy appearance I leave to ERNEST ALLEN.

I, MARIAN PETERSON, will and bequeath my interest in my powder puff to anyone that has trouble in keeping their nose shined. My original walk I bestow on VIDA DOGGETT.

Seeing the end not far off, I, JOSEPHINE MOORE leave my interest in LOU DONIE LOVE to anyone as religious as I am; my ability to play tennis I give to ERNEST ALLEN.

Realizing that my days are numbered, I, BURNETT DIBBLE, leave my interest in FRIEDA WALKER to Jack Donovan. My success in French, I bequeath to KENNETH La POINT.

I, DAMIAN SCHANK, the Espanol shark, leave my ability in this subject to JACK DONOVAN. My pleasing manner and way of playing nurse I leave to HUGH HASKELL.

Realizing that my days are numbered, I, HELEN CLARK, do bequeath to JOSEPHINE MacCARTHY the formula which enabled me to lose the large amount of one-fourth pounds in six months. My very neat appearance I leave to DRUSILLA TALBOT.

I, the pompous and dignified VERNE SMITH, being of sound mind, bestow to my conquered rival, DOUGLAS ADAMS, all my interest in Helen Crane, providing only, that he is willing to stay away from the Crane ranch on Sundays.

I, WALTER LEMORE, still retaining all my old time pep and enthusiasm, sadly leave to MERVYN FINLEY my beloved checked cap. All my school spirit I leave to MR. MONTGOMERY to be equally distributed among the members of the Student Body. My interest in a certain Freshman girl I leave, with much regret, to PETE SNODGRASS.

With fear and terror in viewing my end, I, WENDELL WILSON, leave a portion of my conceit to DOUGLAS ADAMS, and the rest I wish to keep for future use. My Apollo-like locks I leave to BRUCE SEYMOUR.

I, STEWARD McINTYRE, wish to dispose of my wordly effects as follows: My good disposition along with my sunny smile, I donate to Miss Haub.

Fearing that the High School will soon be minus a "Society Leader," I, FRANK FENTON, leave my popularity with the ladies to MELVIN BROOKS, hoping he will make use of it wisely. My sweet little smile I leave to Miss O'Meara to add to her supply.

Being of almost sound mind, I, SHANNON TURNER, terror of the tennis courts, do leave my ability as a shark at the game to RUSSELL MERRITT. My precious green sweater I leave to MISS O'MEARA, knowing she will be equal to the charge with which I have entrusted her. "That" pipe I leave to any naughty boy whose mother objects to his smoking cigarettes.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto subscribed our approval on this, the twenty-seventh day of June, one thousand nine hundred and nineteen.

Signed Senior Class of 1919.

Witnessed by

SEAL

BEATRICE ALLISON, Chairman
RODERICK CRAIG
LILLIAN RINNER
HENRY SCHAEFER
ALICE BREWER

Rotten eggs..4½c
Sour milk.....5c

WHOOZIT WEAKLY

Weather: Unfair; falling fast.

No. 13. Vol. XYZ SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA Monday After

Latest News From Court

Judge Schaefer's Latest Book

A new "History of the World War," in 24 large volumes, has recently been published. It is the work of Judge Henry Schaefer, who is also the author of the well known works, "Divorces and How to Get Them," and "Prohibition—As I See It." Judge Schaefer is a justice of the California Supreme Court, having risen from the position of police judge in Fetter's Springs. After leaving Santa Rosa he attended Stanford and then took his entrance examinations for the bar. Judge Schaefer is regarded as an authority on divorce cases and United States history.

ACTRESS IN TOWN

Miss Alta Litton, talented actress, formerly of Santa Rosa, made a large donation to the orphans of the Lytton Home. Pastor Wendell Wilson, under whose management the financial affairs of the home are run, was very much pleased and extended the heartiest thanks to Miss Lytton.

Rev. Wilson, formerly of the Salvation Army, is now pastor of the Holy Roller Church, situated on Fourth street, south of the library.

S. R. Hi Graduate a Hero in Meet

Edwin Moore, famous miler of S. R. H. S., made a record for Stanford and for the world. Pete Moore, the name he was formerly known by, was a graduate of S. R. Hi and was a member of the class of '19. The run at the Stanford Oval was made in 4 flat.

Santa Rosa is very proud of her schoolboy hero and sent a telegram of congratulation to Mr. Moore.

Mr. Moore was excellent in this work in Hi School. Since then, however, he has been in college. This is his last year there, and he intends to leave next year for South America. There he will enter an import and export firm as manager of a branch house.

OPENING OF NEW GARAGE

The first garage in Santa Rosa to be operated and owned by women is the "Dubble B" Garage on B street, between Third and Fourth. The real proprietors are Miss Ruth Break and Miss Edith Broadwell. Miss Broadwell says she will change any and all tires of customers and Miss Break will pump out the "gas." In case of blowouts, tire trouble or any engine disturbance, be sure and patronize this garage and notice how quickly you will be relieved of your cash. They say their motto is "Quo Vadis," which means they'll always be glad to see you stop. So be careful, fellows.

Doughnut Holes Stolen

Miss Bertha Gutermute at present has a well paying position with the city. She is collecting the holes from doughnuts. She receives 1 cent for every hole collected. She says the work is easy and simply grand, for all she has to do is eat doughnuts and then present her bill to the county. She was found stealing two holes on Saturday last, and so her pay was reduced to one-half the former amount. Apparently it doesn't worry her, for we see her now and then making a frantic grab for a hole in a doughnut.

ARTIST RETURNED

Mr. Hector Michie, well known artist, who has recently returned from Paris, entertained a few friends at his Bohemian studio in honor of Miss Lou Donie Love, his fiancee. Mr. Michie has been in Europe for several months and has returned to us as a very successful artist. His bride-to-be has patiently endured three years of waiting by wishing patrons of the Cline Theater to their seats. She says her work is now complete and she will have a well earned rest.

Among those present were Miss Love, Miss Rinner, Miss Bertha Gutermute and Miss Bernice Cundiff.

WHOOZIT WEAKLY

THE WHOOZIT WEAKLY
Published Daily But Every Day

Editor----------Whatdo U. Kare
Manager----------Howshould I. No

Rates—1 pin per day, 2 gold pins a year.

Circulation—Any number of copies every once in a while.

EDITORIAL

We write this editorial in the hope that it will reach the homes of all the graduates of the class of '19. We want to ask the people that are interested in this paper not to take offense or turn to us and complain if their names are mentioned here. We are not and will not be held responsible. We have gathered our knowledge from various sources.

We hope that this editorial will assist the graduates of '19 to discover what their classmates are doing. (Of course in this newspaper, as in all of the other newspapers, everything given is a positive fact.) Our news comes direct from -------- ------- (censored). The beloved and aged faculty of Santa Rosa High School will be (we hope) very much delighted to hear of the catastrophes, marriages, divorces, and any of the other interesting things that have happened to the class of '19.

We close hoping everyone will enjoy our newspaper.

This issue is only a sample copy and later we hope to make the Whoozit Weakly one of the leading newspapers of the world.

We thank you.

PROFESSIONAL NOTICES

Dr. S. McIntyre, A. B. C. D. E. F. veterinary surgeon and dentist, has his office at McAlpine Stables. Telephone 1629. Phone when you are sick or disabled.

Phone 9812 Green
Office Hours—Now and Then
DR. HELEN CLARK
Osteopathic Physician
Office and Residence, 2313 Humboldt
Give me a trial and be convinced

Evangeline Break at Last Secures Position

Miss Evangeline Break is now the proud holder of a position at the 5, 10 and 15 cent store, acting as a living model for the display of evening gowns, which the Woolworth Company is generously offering for 15 cents. Some of the more beautiful ones are made of lace curtains, trimmed tastefully in red plush, while others are rainbow tinted yarns knitted into wonderful creations. The gowns which Miss Break displays to the best advantage are mosquito netting over a foundation of canvas. One of the newest creations is a handy housework gown made entirely of tape measures.

Delightful Wedding Celebrated At Home of Miss Bee Allison

Several weeks ago the beautiful wedding of Miss Beatrice Allison and Mr. Wendell Wilson, a well known pastor of the Holy Roller Church, was celebrated at the bride's home on Riply street. The home was beautifully decorated, cabbages, wild spinach and cauliflowers predominating. The altar was contrived of a bale of hay and the altar cloth was a beautiful gunny sack decorated with gum drops and pepper leaves.

The bride was becomingly attired in a creation of broadcloth (very broad) and tarleton. The bridegroom was attired in the latest knit suit from Gantner & Mattern.

The nuptial knot was tied by Reverend Burnett Dibble, Archbishop of Episcopal Church.

Former Santa Rosan Visits City

Mr. Ernest Price motored to this city Saturday afternoon. Mr. Price is the well known baseball player of Sonoma, and will hold down third base and left field for the Sonoma team this afternoon.

Advertisement

THE WILD WEST TAXI CO.
(Miss Mary Stewart, head chauffeur)
Fords only used. Safe and sane driving. Patrons delivered at destination in one piece. Rates guaranteed to fit the most expensive pocketbook.
Telephone 1234567890—K. P.

WHOOZIT WEAKLY

BENNETT VALLEY SOCIETY BUD ENGAGED

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Crane announce the engagement of their daughter, Helen Annette, to Verne V. Smith of Santa Rosa. Much interest is shown in this announcement of the approaching marriage of two of the most popular young people of Santa Rosa. Mr. Smith and Miss Crane were students in the Santa Rosa High School and both graduated with the marvelous class of '19. The friendship of the two was carried on through Hi School and later Miss Crane departed to complete her studies at San Jose Normal, while V. V. Smith took up bartending at the Model Bar at his own home town. After the marriage, Mr. Smith will give up bartending and live with Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Crane and help his father-in-law with the chores and farm work.

BUSSMAN BAND

The famous Bussman Band will appear in Santa Rosa Sunday afternoon, and will give several selections in the City Park. The director will be Miss Genevieve Bussman. People will recall that Miss Bussman led the "Jazz" Band at S. R. H. S. for a number of years, and that it was due to her efforts that this proved successful. Her many friends and admirers will turn out to see her perform. She has traveled through Europe and played before all the "uncrowned" heads. Her success is the result of several years of hard effort.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT

Miss Edith Moore, connamon-roller of the American Bakery, was seriously injured while putting a raisin in one of the largest buns. An iron bar from the ceiling fell and hit Miss Edith on the toe. It is thought she will not recover. Dr. Wentworth Barnett, the chiropodist, was called in to attend Miss Moore. Her friends join with the members of this staff in extending great sympathy to Miss Moore and her family. Miss Moore has been working in her father's bakery since her graduation from Hi School with the famous class of '19.

APPOINTMENT OF NEW ARCHBISHOP

Word has been received at our office of the appointment of one Bishop Dibble to the post of archbishop in the Episcopal church of San Francisco. Mr. Dibble was a former Santa Rosan, who began the study of the Gospel immediately after graduating from High School. We always remarked at the reserved and dignified manner in which he carried himself, for when in school he was always very "chaste" and good.

DANCE AT WRIGHT HOME

Miss Mildred Wright entertained Saturday evening at her home in honor of the Misses Shearer and Rinner. The evening was spent in dancing and a few old-fashioned games were indulged in. Cider, doughnuts and stick candy were served a little after nine. The guests departed late and arrived home in time to feed the chickens.

All the friends thanked Miss Wright for her enjoyable entertainment and said they would come again.

Miss Mary Campbell Carries On Worthy Enterprise

Miss Mary Campbell, a graduate of S. R. H. S., '19, is at present in South Africa trying to teach the natives to eat spaghetti with a spoon. She writes that so far she has trained three monkeys That shows what can be done with the human race. Soon she expects to start a school and then she will add other courses such as "Eating Horseradishes With a Potato Masher," and "How to Become Double-Jointed."

NOTICE

I, W. Barnett, will no longer be responsible for any bills contracted by my wife, Alice Barnett.

The editor is very sorry to have been forced to print the above. We know Dr. Barnett in person very well and are sorry to hear of his plight. In his school days he was very attentive to his work and studied hard. Since his marriage he has deteriorated and we are sorry, indeed, to hear that he has descended so low.

WHOOZIT WEAKLY

SOCIETY

Bridge Club Entertained

Miss Clare Sullivan, one of the society buds of Santa Rosa, entertained the Bridge Club at her home on Chestnut street, in honor of Miss Helen Crane, bride-to-be of Verne Smith. The afternoon was delightfully spent in playing Budget, and prizes were awarded to the Misses Verrel Weber and Elaine Nielsen. Later delicate refreshments were served. The next meeting will be held at the home of Miss Bess Godman.

Dinner for Soldier

At dinner on Saturday night Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Wilson entertained very handsomely complimentary to their returned soldier friend, Major General Carithers, one of the gallant younger set, who has some home from across the seas. The table was most effectively adorned and the menu was a delicious one. In addition to the guest of honor, there were seated at the table Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lamore, Miss Peterson, visiting actress; the Rev. Burnett Dibble, Mr. Ernest Price, Miss Mary Stewart, and Mr. Roderick Craig and Miss Marian Belden.

Coming Recital

Music lovers should not miss the treat at the Hickville Opera House on Friay evening, which will be furnished by Misses Leonora Shearer and Lillian Rinner. It is to be remembered that Miss Rinner and Miss Shearer were former Santa Rosans, and took an important part in society while here. Miss Shearer has spent her time, since she graduated, in training her wonderful alto voice. Miss Rinner accompanies her on the piano.

They will probably be rushed by all the would-be society belles while they are here. A dance will be given at Miss Mildred Wright's in their honor.

Stag Party at Bellevue

Mr. Walter Lamore, well known prosperous undertaker, entertained a stag party at his home in Bellevue in honor of Verne Smith, whose marriage to Miss Helen Annette Crane will take place in the near future. A pleasant evening was spent and the guests departed at a late hour.

Actress Donates Money

Miss Marian Peterson, talented actress, formerly of Santa Rosa, made a large donation to the orphans of the Lytton Home. Miss Peterson is a former Santa Rosan and will be remembered for her excellent local theatrical work. At present she is often called the modern Sarah Bernhardt. After several years of hard labor she reached the top. She is now donating her spare time to charity.

Anti-Fat Club Representative Here

Miss Marie Roberts spent the week in traveling through Sonoma county, where she resided during her school days. Her many friends were glad to greet her in her new position. Miss Roberts is traveling for the Anti-Fat Club. She is a very distinguished and noted speaker.

Latest Scandal

The friends of A. Howard Kirby and Mrs. A. H. Kirby (nee Miss Marjorie Scott) will be very sorry to hear that the happy marriage that took place a short time ago has ended in the divorce courts. Mrs. Kirby sued for divorce on the ground that Mr. Kirby threw a pie at her and knocked a tooth out. Mr. Kirby also brought suit for divorce, saying that Mrs. Kirby has been leaving him at home to take care of the children and do all the housework and washing. Much interest has been shown in this case and friends will be glad to hear that a divorce has been secured and Mr. A. H. Kirby's mother will be placed as guardian for the minor children.

Mrs. Kirby will return to her position as cook for the Coffee Club. Mr. Kirby leaves immediately for Reno, Nevada.

Famed For Her Talent

Miss Brewer, a former Santa Rosan, will be heard tonight at the Hickville Opera House. Miss Brewer is a singer of wide fame and great talent, and it is hoped a large attendance will be present. She was fortunate enough to have graduated with the class of '19 from S. R. H. S.

WHOOZIT WEAKLY

"Home for Homeless Animals"

Started by Miss Bess Godman

The well known local philanthropist. Miss Bess Godman, has recently completed her plans for erecting a "Home for Homeless Animals." She intends to care for the horses, cows, cats, dogs, guinea pigs, etc., abandoned by cruel owners, and will house them in a beautiful three-story building, erected on the site of her former home. She is living in the barn until the "home" is ready for occupation.

Prominent Tailor Fails to Pay Rent

Roderick Craig, exclusive dealer in corduroys, has been forced to move his tailoring establishment from Fourth to Upper First street, as he failed to pay his rent, and the owner of the Hahn building, Miss Ethel Hahn, was forced to eject him. Mr. Craig's failure to pay his rent is attributed to the fact that he purchased heavily in wines and other liquors before the prohibition amendment went into force, expecting to realize a large profit on his investment. Unfortunately, the wine turned out to be denatured alcohol and near beer, so that Mr. Craig was unable to sell it at a profit. It is to be hoped, for his sake, that corduroys sell well this fall.

Miss Annie Sheppard Wins First Case

Miss Annie Sheppard, well known local lawyerette, won her first case today. This was a great shock to her as she has been practicing 31 years and hoped to complete her record of 6,000 successive cases lost. Today's case was so flagrant, however, that she could not avoid winning it. Thomas Brownscombe was caught speeding in his new Super-Six, and Miss Sheppard was engaged as counsel for the prosecution. Mr. Brownscombe, a professor of mathematics at the University of California, was too truthful for his own good, for he admitted that he noticed his speedometer when going 623 miles an hour, and that figures never lie. Professor Brownscombe was fined twenty-five cents, this being all the money he had with him.

Beautiful Operetta

On the afternoon of June 30th the Juveniles of the Ursuline College will present the beautiful operetta of "Rose and Thorns." The teacher in charge of this entertainment is Miss Josephine Ivanoff, late from Russia. The children have been well trained. It will be remembered that Miss Ivanoff always took an immense interest in small children. Everyone likes such offerings in which children participate. Miss Ivanoff has been studying and preparing for this work for several years, and we wish her a very great success.

News of Promotion of E. Clapp

Word has been received at our office of the appointment of Mr. Clapp as janitor for the Cotati Monthly. We wish you success, Mr. Clapp, in this, your literary work.

Mr. Clapp will be remembered as a graduate of the class of '19 from our local Hi School at Santa Rosa. After several years at college, Mr. Clapp has advanced from chief waste paper carrier in his sphere of work until he has now obtained this very honorable position. He has been sincere in his efforts and diligent at each new labor. The Annual of S. R. H. S. class of '19, was a most phenomenal success, due to the labors of this one man.

GEN. AD'S.

LONG'S ICE CREAM PARLORS

G. Long, a local and well known gentleman, has acquired River's parlors and will henceforth chaperon your nickels and dimes with the best of care from your pocket to his. YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED. Music and dancing. Candy, cigars, etc.

NOTICE

Sheriff's Sale

Plaintiff, S. F. Casket Co.; defendant, W. Lamore.

Ten brand new caskets are being held for sale at Lamore funeral parlors The highest bidder takes them. Splendid as ornaments or to use as kindling wood. Sealed bids received until 12 noon tomorrow.

D. SCHANK, Sheriff.

WHOOZIT WEAKLY

D. Schank Elected Sheriff

Newly elected Sheriff Schank will take his position as sheriff of Sonoma county the coming Monday. Mr. Schank has always been noted for his prize-fighting qualities, and we are sure he will succeed in holding down all the villains in the country. Mr. Schank takes this opportunity to thank his many friends for their support in his recent campaign. He also wishes to say that if Geo. Long, Thomas Brownscombe, and Bill Carithers call around he will see that they are made constables or receive some other responsible position.

The Cat Is Out of the Bag

The mystery man, who has been traveling with Al G. Barnes' circus, has proved to be a former Santa Rosan whose misdemeanors once caused him to be held in low estimation by his former associates. This man, who has been mystifying thousands by his crude acts and who has remained a mystery, is at last discovered. His name is S. Turner. We well remember him and wish him success in this, his well chosen career. He is able to realize the possibilities and also the money in such a game, and we feel that he is able to fill the position.

Success of F. Fenton as a Missionary

Several years ago a popular young man of this community entered the missionary field. He was sent to India and there did his best to convert the natives of that land to his own beliefs as to religion.

Before departing he married Isabel Homan, and she accompanied him to his new duties there. Mr. and Mrs. Fenton were well received and soon had a large colony of converts. A community was founded and a school and church were conducted, Mr. and Mrs. Fenton acting in the capacity of teachers and Bible workers. Mrs Fenton sang while Mr. Fenton played the organ. Their success was phenomenal. Unfortunately Mrs. Fenton was overcome with a fever while there and had to give up her work.

Shakespeare Club

Tuesday evening, at the home of Miss Laura Birkhofer, the Shakespeare Club will meet, and the play under discussion will be "Macbeth." It will undoubtedly be a very interesting session.

The very great interest the Misses Birkhofer and Cundiff have exhibited in Shakespeare will be remembered by all. They have been most active in studying and interpreting orally the works of this great man.

Both of these ladies studied at Radcliffe College for several years in English and Dramatics. They have done much to interest our community in the works of Shakespeare, and we wish them success in this work.

Yes, Yes, By All Means

He: "What did your father say when you told him my love was like a broad and gushing river?"

She: "He said, 'Dam it.'"—Ex.

Our Model Freshmen

They walk on their heels to save their soles.—Ex.

MISCELLANEOUS

Notice of Important Lecture

On Friday evening next Miss Marian Belden will give a lecture at the opera house. Her very interesting topic will be, "How to Eat Potato Chips Without Noise." She is the only one who can accomplish this feat, but says she is very willing to tell her secret. Miss Belden has been lecturing for the Potato Trust for the last three years and has made a great success of making the dear public want to eat potato chips. Don't forget, Friday night, Opera House; 25c admission.

POLITICAL CARD

* o o o o o o o o o o o *
o **Art McDowell for Dog Catcher** o
o Vote for Art McDowell, Squedunk's most progressive citizen. Mr. McDowell's record as janitor, garbage man and door-opener at the city hall is open to inspection by all. o
* o o o o o o o o o o o *

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SANTA ROSA INSANE ASYLUM

STAFF:

MR. MONTGOMERY.....Director
MISS LEDDY..Head of the Straight Jacket Department
MISS GREY.....Matron of the Violent Ward
MISS WALKER, MR. MAILE, MISS NELSON.....Chief Cooks
MISS HAUB..., MISS FISHER.....Hash Slingers
MR. STEELE.....Janitor
MR. HODGE.....Laundress
MISS ABEELE.....Dish Washer
MISS O'MEARA.....Gardener

ROLL CALL OF INMATES IN THE VIOLENT WARD

Name	Alias	Cause of Insanity	Pet Profane Expression	Favorite Pastime	Only Cure for Violence	Appearance	Future
Edwin Clapp	"Ed"	The wild women.	"Oh, I dunno."	Getting "lit."	Wine, women and song.	Saintly.	Editor of the Hickville Times.
Mildred Wright	"Tid"	Getting college recitations.	"Isn't that simple!"	Bicycling.	Sailors.	Well fed.	Bicycle racer.
Marian Belden	"Peggy"	Elmer	"Oh Heck!"	Growing	Elmer.	Huge???	Elmer.
Edith Moore	"Edie"	Mabel McCanse.	"Gosh!"	Jumping rope.	Joy riding with her brother.	Tiny.	Ballet dancer.
Alice Brewer	"Al"	Mr Steele's jokes.	"Oh Gee!"	Doing nothing.	Malted milk.	Wicked.	Heartbreaker.

ROLL CALL OF INMATES IN THE VIOLENT WARD

Name--	Alias	Cause of Insanity	Pet Profane Expression	Favorite Pastime	Only Cure for Violence	Appearance	Future
Walter Lamore	"Walt"	Medals.	"Pipe down!"	Practicing yell leading in wood-shed.	Girls (several).	Happy (Hooligan).	Hula dancer at the Orpheum.
Mary Campbell	"Mab"	U. S. History.	"My dear!"	Talking.	To revisit S. R. H. S.	Wise guy.	Bareback rider for Barnes.
Bernice Cundiff	"Bern"	Public speaking.	"Oh crickets!"	Library.	Lawrence.	Pious.	Housewife.
Edith Broadwell	"Deed"	Her white skirt got wrinkled.	Too many to tell.	Keeping clean.	Chloroform	Afraid of being heard.	Janitress at Demeo's.
Edwin Moore	"Pete"	Forgot to stop running.	"Aw, go on!"	Winning medals.	To win a meet all by himself.	Chorus girl complexioned.	Floorwalker in a peanut stand.
Henry Schaefer	"Hen"	The bank.	"Is that so!"	Washing the car.	His school dances and N and L.	Some baby.	Janitor in the bank.
Shannon Turner	"Sister"	That pipe.	"Just prove it to me!"	Translating French	Rootless beers.	Graceful as a lily.	Manicurist at Elite hairdressing parlor!
Leanora Shearer	"Nonie"	A runner in her stocking.	"When my man comes home."	Trying to remember her last date.	The caterpillar.	Sweet (and simple).	Entertainer at Tuscano Hotel.
Marie Roberts	"Fat"	Too much anti-fat.	"C'mon!"	Rolling to reduce.	Six squares per day.	Plump.	Acrobat in circus.
Wendell Wilson	"Gertie Gloom"	He smiled.	"Oh, Gosh no!"	Trying to act hard-boiled.	An ax.	Starched.	Manager of Vitalies
Marjorie Scott	"Marj"	She lost a hairpin.	"Gimme that!"	Keeping the basement mirror company.	A barrel of powder.	Pale.	Police woman.
Lillian Rinner	"Red"	The bandoline melted and caused a flood.	"Oh! My soul!"	Motoring with mamma.	To be a female villain in the Senior play.	Fiery.	Chauffeur for Burch's bus line.
Howard Kirby	"Hop"	Making speeches.	"Oh Tish!"	Praising Analy.	Smelling Salts.	Alla samee kindergarten	Hobo.
Mary Stewart	"Ebbie"	Somebody proposed to her.	"Oh, Izzit?"	Hunting Peggy Belden.	A man of her very own.	Canary-like.	Soloist at the "Elite."
Steward McIntyre	"Stew"	Smile from a fair maid.	"What d'ye think this is?"	Playing pool	That girl with curls.	Pretty baby.	Manager of Fulton Times.

ROLL CALL OF INMATES IN THE VIOLENT WARD

Name	Alias	Cause of Insanity	Pet Profane Expression	Favorite Pastime	Only Cure for Violence	Appearance	Future
Verne Smith	"Smithy"	Weeks and the Constitution.	"Hold that pivot!"	Studying birds—especially Cranes.	A peaceful G. B. meeting.	Nice boy?	The devil's right hand man.
Ruth Break	"Rootie"	Too many beaux.	"No, I don't."	Pleasing Evangeline.	4,888 credits	Mild.	Taxi driver.
Helen Crane	Has none	The Echo.	"That's me!"	Hunting Verne and Clare.	Verne.	All Grin.	Farmerette.
Frank Fenton	"Slim"	Some one kissed him by mistake.	"My soul and body!"	Queening parties.	A perfect orchestra practice	Mouse-like.	World famed contortionist.
Bess Godman	"Betty"	Beaux.	"My golly, kids!"	Talking in study hall.	To get all E's.	American beauty.	Pianist at Ruzzie's dance hall.
Arthur McDowell	"Art"	Learing to dance.	"I'll say so!"	Kidding the fair sex	Susie.	In a hurry.	Holy Roller Apostle.
Mary Freeman	"Mike"	Forgot to stop giggling.	"You bet!"	Laughing.	One smile from I. D. S.	Dimpled.	Matron of Home for Happy Dames.
Josephine Ivanoff	"Jo"	She actually graduated.	"Good night!"	Playing tag.	To say ta ta to S. R. H. S.	Looking for someone.	Singing teacher? Spieler?
Lou Donnie Love	"Lou"	Tried to flirt.	"Well!"	Shimmying.	Making hats.	Classy.	Printers' devil at Democrat office.
Roderick Craig	"Curly"	Playing tit-tat-toe.	"Don't ask me."	Unknown.	Get stuck with a pin.	Sweet.	Somebody's "cootie."
Bill Carithers	"Bill"	Cadets forgot to make a mistake.	"Just like that!"	Spending dad's money.	Those women at Forestville.	Conceited.	Captain of Salvation Army.
Clare Sullivan	"Shrimp"	Smothered with dates.	"Search me!"	Writing notes to Helen.	To grow a few inches	As big as a minute.	15c store baby ribbon dept.
Alta Litton	"Lit"	The train was late.	"Dear me!"	Keeping still.	A new sweater.	Feverish.	Ticket taker at the N. and L. dance.
George Long	"Long"	Swallowed a tennis ball	"Bolsheviki!"	Shooting craps.	Tennis.	First grade.	Posing for ads for "Mellen's Food."
Isabel Homan	"Issy"	Somebody asked her for a date.	"Whatzat?"	Hanging around the Cline.	Diplomas.	Marcelled.	Manager of Johnny Dont's.

ROLL CALL OF INMATES IN THE VIOLENT WARD

Name	Alias	Cause of Insanity	Pet Profane Expression	Favorite Pastime	Only Cure for Violence	Appearance	Future
Helen Clark	"Hellie"	Julia.	"Oh, say kid!"	Dieting.	To be a shining light in English.	A good bum.	Junk woman.
Ethel Hahn	"Pat"	Writing reports.	"Good night."	Going to school.	To catch him.	Boisterous?	House mover.
Hector Michie	"Hec"	The pen slipped.	"Derned if I know."	Drawing checks and pictures.	To cartoon the Kaiser.	Scared.	Cartoonist for Melitta Daily News.
Damian Shank	"Shank"	"Vampy" gave him the once over.	"Aw gee!"	Performing magic.	Eats.	Corn-fed.	Stage, Healdsburg vs. S. R.
Genevieve Bussman	"Gen"	Nobody knows.	"Oh kid!"	Worrying her powder puff.	A cud of gum.	All glasses.	A merry widow.
Burnett Dibble	"Dib"	Frieda. (We don't wonder).	"Listen to her rave."	Hunting for credits in Mrs. Yost's office.	Frieda.	Spick and span.	Street sweeper at Fulton.
Thomas Brownscombe	"Tommie"	Wentworth passed out.	"Gosh all hemlock!"	Riding on the merry-go-round.	A book store.	Infantile.	Human encyclopedia.
Esther Trudgett	"Est"	That powdered nose.	"Oh, I don't know.'	Rincon corn husking bees.	To have the attention of a "man."	Delicate.	Chorus girl.
Beatrice Allison	"Bee"	Carl Hoyle.	"Well, lessee?"	Teaching Freshmen to dance.	Verrel.	Healthy.	Hermit.
Wentworth Barnett	"Diddy"	Society.	"Lay off!"	Billiards.	Root beer.	Wise.	Conductor on a dumb waiter.
Josephine Moore	"Jo"	Miss Grey.	"I can't."	Studying (foolish, isn't it?)	Physics.	Young for her age.	We won't know until she grows up.
Bertha Gutermute	"Bert"	Marines.	"Tell it to the marines.'	Writing letters.	Bright colors.	Cute???	Accompanist to Caruso.
Evangeline Break	"Vangy"	The Class History.	"Honest?"	Wearing out all the books in the library.	Studying.	Wild.	A nun.
Annie Sheppard	"Skinny"	Swallowed a history book.	"Oh gee, gosh!"	Giggling.	Playing tag with Miss Grey.	A camouflaged toothpick.	Steam caliope player.
Ernest Price	"Ernie"	Senior banner.	"Sweet patootie!"	Hanging around Ursuline College.	A banjo.	Laughable.	Clown.
Marian Peterson	"Bert"	Trying to look beautiful	"Oh, my soul!"	Dolling.	To have some one say she's cute.	We haven't the heart to say.	Married—and back on the farm.

JUNIOR COLLEGE.

THE JUNIOR COLLEGE

At the beginning of the fall term the opportunities for the students of Sonoma county were greatly increased by the establishment of the Junior College in Santa Rosa. By the organization of this new department a two years' course of post-graduate work supplements the regular high school curriculum. Thus a high school graduate is enabled to do the first two years of university work, for the university courses of the lower division are given as extensively as they can be handled with the facilities and resources now at hand. Although all the requirements of the varied departments of the state university can not be met, yet the general preparation for the upper-division courses is the same as is given either at Berkeley or Stanford.

In 1907 the state legislature passed an act authorizing the establishment of junior colleges, and so great has been their success that by June 30, 1918, there were twenty-two in California, with a total enrollment of one thousand five hundred and sixty-one students. The educators of every progressive community are eager to incorporate this idea into their educational system and so have a local institution of genuine collegiate character. In every way the state university encourages and assists the work. The additional courses are considered beneficial to the high schools and, indeed, one of the objects of the junior college is "to secure a closer articulation of colleges' and high schools' work." The small classes and the directing of the individual student's work by the instructor bring very thorough results. In fact, the 1915 number of the University's Annual Bulletin on the junior college in California states that the average of the grades of the junior college students has been slightly higher in upper-division work than the general university average.

The advantages of the junior college are twofold. The most obvious is the financial benefit to those who are ambitious for higher education and plan to complete their schooling either at a normal or a university. By remaining at home and doing the same work they are saved the expense of living away while attending an educational institution which for two years would be a minimum of approximately one thousand dollars. This opportunity is not limited to residents of Santa Rosa, but is available to any high school graduate in the county, for means of transportation, now provided by the school, make his attendance possible.

The second advantage of the junior college is that it gives an opportunity for a well rounded education and the pursuit of some particular line of work to those who do not intend to go on to college.

The establishment of these schools is but another phase of

bringing education to the masses. Since a democratic people must be an educated people, every tendency is to extend the scope of the school system Every additional educational opportunity is a provision for better citizenship. So when a junior college was started last fall in Santa Rosa it was another step forward in the proficiency of the state school system.

The enrollment was encouraging for a department just organized, the original number being nineteen. Naturally the college felt the country's call to arms, for before the end of the first semester several of the young men left to enter the Student Army Training Corps. Others dropped out, but with the beginning of the second semester new students increased the number.

Since the idea in establishing the new branch is to utilize all the school facilities to the utmost extent, the library of the local high school was assigned as a study hall for the students.

The courses offered for the first semester included trigonometry, analytic geometry, English, Latin, French, chemistry, and English history, and for the second semester a continuance of these courses and also synthetic projective geometry. It has not yet been possible to organize a gymnasium class, although this is planned. The students have been very fortunate in having such highly qualified teachers as make up the faculty. Miss Mabel Nelson is teacher of mathematics, Miss O. Machette of English, Miss Vesta Gray of chemistry, Miss Mary Leddy of Latin, Miss Lydia Walker of French, and Mr. I. D. Steel of history. All work under the very capable direction of Mr. Montgomery.

The Junior College, although working in harmony with all high school activities, has a separate student organization, the members of which have the privilege of joining the high school student body. The first election resulted in the choice of Sarah Fiske as president; Laura Whitney, vice president; Cecil Swanets, secretary and treasurer; Fern Powell and Andrew Lagan as governing board representatives. Changes were later made as the president and secretary-treasurer left college, Verrel Weber being then elected president and Laura Whitney secretary and treasurer. The student organization voted to have the same officers during the second semester, thereby establishing the rule of annual elections. Pins for the class were selected and the colors of the state university, as a matter of course, became those of the Junior College.

The epidemic of influenza and the necessary closing of schools in Santa Rosa caused several unexpected but not unwelcome vacations. Restrictions on parties, as a precaution against the spread of sickness, prevented to some extent the development of the social side of college life. Plans for a dance to be given by the Senior class had to be foregone. However, there were several plasant affairs which the students enjoyed. A party was given at the home of Verrel

Weber, the Freshman receptions were attended, and on the occasion of the circus given by the high school, the Junior College participated by giving a burlesque of the League of Nations, the various countries being represented by the students, wearing characteristic national costumes. The members of the college also held a picnic at Sonoma, where they attended a tennis match and baseball game between the Santa Rosa and Sonoma High Schools.

The atmosphere of the Junior College has been most agreeable. The utmost friendliness and good fellowship have prevailed among the students, and between them and the faculty the greatest cordiality. The earnestness and enthusiasm of the students have in every way been encouraged by the instructors. The new college has been felt by everyone to be worthy of his best efforts, and under Mr. Montgomery's splendid supervision may well be expected to grow into an institution of size and importance.

Laura Whitney.

EDITH CAVELL

When earth reeled under man's despotic sway,
And thoughts of men were turned to bloody deeds;
One who the law of service did obey
Devoted all her strength to England's needs.
She new that death would be her cruel fate,
But still she did not fear to lay life down
And join the company of those who wait
That time may bring them justice or renown.
Though dead in body, she will always live
Within the hearts of all her fellowmen.
To her the highest honors they did give,
And brought her sacred body home again,
That English faith and English dust shall be
United there through all eternity.

—Roderick Craig, '19.

JUNIOR CLASS

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

As Told by the Study Hall Clock

From my position here on the wall at the left of the study hall desk, I have had a fine opportunity to become acquainted with the various classes of this school, and my favoritism has always been bestowed upon the class of 1920. When this class entered in 1916 as green Freshmen, they were as game and peppy a class as has ever entered this school. It was also the largest class of the school, having over seventy members, and although it has lost many of its members it has lost none of its pep or school spirit. This I know from my own observance. One day in the first part of their Freshman term, I heard two girls, who had come up to the dictionary at the bookshelves presumably to look up some big words, talking of the splendid time they had had at the Freshman reception given for them by the Upperclassmen. They also spoke of Ed. Newman and Will Spooncer as their representatives on the track. As Freshmen they elected Margaret Stump for class president.

Then in 1917 I saw these Freshmen lose their childish manners and assume the more grown-up airs of the Sophomores. That term they elected Mildred Button for their president. It was during that term that I heard Mr. Montgomery announce that there would be a Sophomore picnic that afternoon, with Miss Fisher and Miss Koepke as chaperons. The accounts which I heard of that picnic were most alluring. Oh, how good those toasted marshmallows and weenies must have tasted eaten on the bank of the Russian river! I heard them speak that term of Billie Wright and Will Spooncer as their athletes.

And then in 1918 came the most longed-for promotion. They were Juniors! Upperclassmen! They began by electing as class president Jewel Hodgson. For the second term Elaine Nielson was chosen as president. Some of the noted members of the class that term were Melvin Brooks, the baseball manager; Daisy Graham, literary editor of the "Echo"; Billy Wright, the star tennis player, and John Lucas, second baseman on the baseball team.

And now, as I tick-tock my way through the year to come, this class will have reached the crowning year of their high school days. They will be Seniors, and I shall watch them with great interest, knowing they will excel any previous Senior class of this school.

—Catherine Starkey '20.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

"'21 LET'S GO!"

Well, look us over. Aren't we some class? You can't kill the Blue and Gold. Do you think we crow too much? Well, if you'll stop a moment I'll tell you about the nice little record we've got behind us.

We surely had a warm welcome into the school. The tea given to the girls was about the best time imaginable. The Freshmen got acquainted with the Upperclass girls, who certainly succeeded in giving every one a good time.

Will you ever forget our "Fresh Reception"? Of course that's in the dim past, now that we are dignified Sophs, but we do remember that hard times party. There were prizes given for the most original costumes, and I should have hated to choose the best among the clever hard times outfits that were there.

Oh, do you remember the way we walked away with the interclass meet in our Freshman year? The Seniors were a pitiful looking bunch for a few days after their Waterloo.

As Sophs we have kept up our record, and in the interclass meet this year, although our old enemies, the Seniors, got ahead of us, we ran them an awfully close second.

The way everyone helped and brought candy or money to the candy sale was something to be proud of, and we were able to turn in a nice little pile of money to the good cause.

Wasn't the girls' track meet the real thing, though? The way those Sophomores do sail around the track! As was heard in a class meeting not long ago, "We've got some fast girls in the Sophomore class."

The boys were out in full force all right, and they didn't mind a little thing like getting their suits torn or their eyes blacked when they were fighting to save our pennant from the clutches of the enemies.

We have the original class spirit, and if you don't believe it, just get us all together some time and hear us give six for the Sophomores.

Bella Fiske '21.

FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMAN CLASS

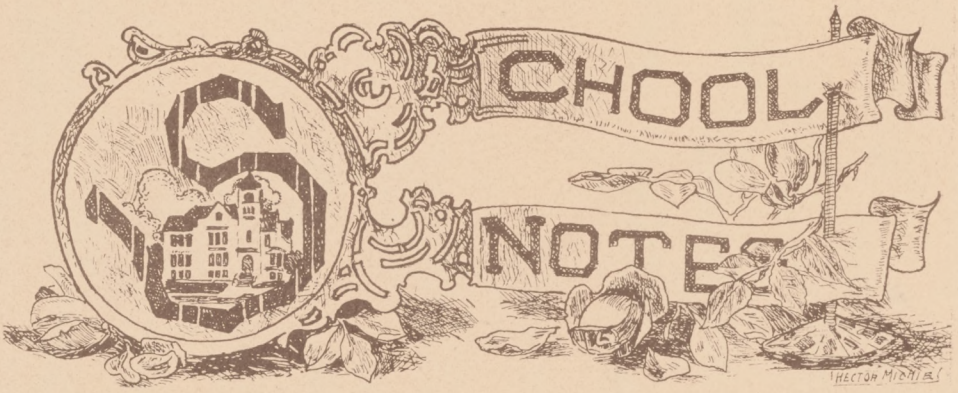
As we look back over our Freshman year we remember the many good times we have enjoyed. We can surely thank the upperclassmen for the kind welcome given us when we entered Santa Rosa High School Who doesn't remember the first day at high school? How big the class rooms looked! And how wise and dignified the older students seemed! But now we can call ourselves dignified Sophomores, and we are sure we have become a little wiser and a little more dignified.

Our first school function was the reception given us by the upperclassmen. The reception occurred rather late in the term, having been postponed by the "flu.". But when it was given it was a grand success. We were entertained during the evening by pantomimes and other stunts. And the "eats" were not forgotten as plenty of cider and doughnuts were provided. For days before we had heard of the stunts which the upper classmen were going to make us perform. But the stunts proved nothing worse than marching around the gym.

There was the keenest class rivalry during the entire term. It was especially noticeable at the girls' track meet. Many of the Freshmen girls proved to be fine runners and jumpers. Edith Anderson won first place in the hurdles and high jump. Mary Tate, Thyra Morril, Berenice Morrow, Vivian Kidd, and many other Freshmen girls helped to hold up the honor of the Freshman class in the races. Mildred Russell and Mildred Wells starred for the Freshmen in the baseball and basketball throw. Though we did not win the first place, we came in second.

In the candy sale and in the interclass field meet, we took third place, defeating the Juniors both times.

Elizabeth Thompson, '20.


SCHOOL
NOTES
HECTOR MICHIELS

ASSOCIATED STUDENT BODY

VERNE SMITH

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

Verne Smith----------President
Bess Godman-----1st Vice-President
Beatrice Allison---2nd Vice-President
Marylee Patton----------Secretary
Miss Fisher----------Treasurer
Walt Lamore----------Yell Leader

It has been the desire of the Governing Boards for several years to improve upon and make more effective the system of Government vested in the Associated Students.

The school year of 1918-19, though interrupted by two enforced vacations has made much improvement along this line.

The greatest task of the Board was the revision of the constitution of the Associated Students. The Amended Constitution was printed in neat pamphlet form, and placed in the hands of the members of the student body. Heretofore many members have been unfamiliar with the rules of the association.

Another great task was the settlement of an international dispute between Analy and S. R. H. S. Several forty-eight hour sessions were made necessary in examining witnesses and gathering evidence. It finally terminated in the payment of indemnities, the exchange of prisoners and a treaty of Everlasting Peace.

It was necessary to place several new members on the Governing Board to represent the new activities taken up by the school. For the first time in the annals of the school the freshmen were given full democratic rights. The class nominated and elected their representatives to the Governing Board. It had formerly

been the custom of the Governing Board to choose these representatives.

The fall term of 1918 surpassed all preceding terms in student body membership. It had been the intention of the members of the board to give several Student body entertainments with the money collected as dues, but the Influenza epidemic prevented them from carrying out their intentions. Only one student body program was given during the term, but that was much appreciated by all who were fortunate enough to attend it.

Having expended little money on student body programs, the governing board had more to expend on athletic activities. New suits were purchased for the basket ball and track teams. The baseball nine were also given new suits, purchased with the money taken in from the "Circus."

Much money was voted out of the treasury to put the track in condition for dual and league meets. Other activities of the school that helped to swell and diminish the funds in the treasury were tennis, military training, basketball, baseball.

December 6—	
Transportation of Sonoma Baseball team	$6.00
December 11—	
Expenses on paper for last year	30.00
Printing of Student Body tickets	6.50
February 6—	
Gold Stars for service flag	.45
February 11—	
Base balls	3.00
Tennis locks	1.50
February 26—	
Base ball suits	86.00
Track Uppers	20.00
March 28—	
Transportation of Hitchcock baseball team	15.00
April 1—	
Track repairs	30.00
Transportation of Analy base ball team	2.00
Transportation of Healdsburg base ball team	4.50
April 7—Expenses for four men to C. I. F. meet at Berkeley	12.00
Tennis balls and rackets	12.00
April 14—	
New Governing Board signs	1.00
Transportation tennis team to Petaluma	1.08
Expenses of transportation of Analy to Dual meet	2.40
Track tape	1.95
May 6—	
Entrance fee of eleven men to C. I. F. meet	2.75
May 13—	
Entrance fee for eleven men S N. S. meet	2.25
Printing of Student Body tickets	2.00
Engraving interclass cup	1.00
Total	$243.38

STUDENT BODY ACTI /ITIES

WAR ACTIVITIES

"Owing to the signing of the armistice" has become a hackneyed expression, but I will ask you to tolerate it once more, because it was "owing to the signing of the armistice" that war activities this year have not been as numerous as they were last year. There were only two important features of our war program for the past year: the Red Cross drive and War Work Campaign.

During the Red Cross drive, the members of all the English classes were required to prepare four-minute talks on the Red Cross. The best one from each class spoke in assembly, and from these were chosen those to speak at the churches. Those who spoke at the churches were as follows:

Baptist.....Daisy Graham
Christian Science.....Beatrice Allison
Christian.....Helen Crane
Methodist.....Joel Mallory
Gospel Tabernacle.....Henry Schaefer
Federated Churches.....Frank L. Fenton

During the war work campaign, Chief White Elk gave a most interesting talk before the student body. Chief White Elk is a full-blooded Cherokee Indian, and when he spoke to us he wore the costume of a Cherokee chief. He told us many interesting things about his people, and he spoke also of his experience in the war.

Over fifteen hundred dollars were pledged by the students of the school, and nearly all the money has been paid in. The girls of the school astonished us by pledging more money than the boys.

STUDENT BODY PROGRAM

Only one student body program was held during the fall term, owing to our two enforced vacations. The one program given, however, was very good. During the latter part of February, we were entertained for over an hour one afternoon by the University of California Glee Club. Besides the singing, which was excellent, there were instrumental numbers, sleight-of-hand tricks and amusing monologues. The quality of the program made up for the small quantity of student body entertainments during the year.

Burbank and Circus Day
Up in the air!
The Jazz-Bird.
The Royal Family.
Coming thru the rye.
Mr. and Mrs Burbank
Logan a la spaghett.
Not frightened Just natural
Bashful Bernice!!
Darktown Babies Ball.
Henry S. in disgust.
Independent Order of Freaks.

THE CIRCUS

WELL, SAMANTHY ANN, I calculate thar warn't niver sich a circus as the one that was give at the high school on March twenty-first. Thar was everything that you ever seed at a circus and more two. They was needin' some money down at that thar school and Mr. Hodge, who seems to be a right smart young feller, thought of givin' a circus. Well, law me, that man started sumpin. Every last pusson in that school was workin' for it, from them as they call the Freshmen to the head puffessor, And, Samanthy Ann, they took in two hundred and forty dollars! Nigh enough to buy a Ford, by heck!

"At noon they began to sell cake and pie and sich, so as you wouldn't haf to go 'way to get anything to eat, and by gum! that was the best cake—oh, course Samanthy, t'wasn't as good as yours; I mean t'was the best cake that any city pusson ever made. Since I had a bit o' time left after I got thru eatin' cake, before the parade was to commence, I went to what they call a fish pond. T'wasn't no pond a tall. You went up and took a holt of a pole and pulled up a string with sumpin fastened at the end. And just look here, I got this diamond ring for a cent!

"About this time it was gittin' near time fur the parade, so I went out back of the school to see it. The fust thing was a band what made more racket than our pigs at feedin' time. Thar was a fat lady in the parade that had a train and thar was some little boys that kept a-follerin' her around a-steppin' on it 'til it was nigh tore off. Thar was some cannibals, too, and law me they was fierce lookin' with their clubs and the rings in their noses. They told me that the cannibals didn't eat nuthin' but raw meat, but I guess the she-cannibal warn't so fierce as t'other one 'cause I saw her eatin some popcorn after the parade. Never-the-less, I warn't very keen on gettin' close to 'em. Thar were some perfectly harmless niggers in the parade also, and some clowns and such like.

"After the parade was over, I went upstairs to see this here Peace Conference that we all been readin' about in the Punkinsville Gazette. T'warn't much peace about it as I could see; with their bombs and guns it sounded for all the world like Bedlam let loose.

"Then I went to hear them darkies in the minstrel show. I laughed so much that I got a stitch in my side and I thot it was sure goin' to take me off. And Samanthy, thar was a bride in that show what was fixt up real purty. I wisht you could of seen her. Upstairs they had a flower show, which warn't nuthin' but piles

of meal, a human monkey, they called it, but it was nuthin' but a lookin' glass, thar warn't no monkey there. Thar was one thing that jest dumfounded me. They had a girl disappear right before your eyes, and I'll be goshdinged if she didn't go right up in smoke!

"After that I went over to t'other building and saw the Siamese twins and a lot of other things, and when I came out of there I was agoin' down the hall in one of the rooms I seed the she-cannibal a-eatin' popcorn, but I didn't go in for fear she might think I was better'n popcorn. Upstairs I seen a fashion show, and Samanthy, I reckon that hoop skirt up in the attic ain't out yet cause they had one there. After the fashion show I went into another place where they said to have my picture took. They asked me if I wanted water-color and I said I reckoned I did and by heck if they didn't shoot water in my face. I saw the sunrise in there, too, only some one spoiled it by hitten' me in the face with a wet sponge. Then thar was a king and queen that was tellin' secrets and when I went to sit down I'll be gosh-dinged if the chair didn't bust and I went on the floor. From there I went to another room and saw that it was a baby show and they was squallin' so I left again 'cause I reckon I seen enough babies in my day.

"Then I went back to t'other building, and on the way I seed a big crowd, so I went over to see what was there and it was a shoot- the-shoots or sumpin' like that. I went down even if my feet was hangin' over the edge. When I went in to see a fortune teller and I'll be blest if she didn't tell me that I was married and that I was a farmer! She was a powerful wise lady, by heck! Then I went into whar they was dancin', but they didn't do any of the dances that I knowed, so I went over to whar they had sumpin' to drink. I was a-goin' to drink out'n the bucket, but they told me not to and give me a little glass. Shucks, I had to drink ten of 'em before I knowed I had any. I stayed 'til everyone began to go, so I went out, and on the way I peeked in a door and I seed 'em countin' the money. Law me! it looked more like a million than two hundred and forty. Gosh, Samanthy, I wish you could of seed that circus!"

BURBANK DAY

On the seventh of March the annual fete in honor of Burbank's birthday was held. The exercises of all the schools were carried out on the High School lawn this year, instead of each school giving its own program on its own grounds. This arrangement permitted Mr. and Mrs. Burbank to see all the programs without having to go from school to school.

The exercises of the grammar schools were very good. The Burbank School presented a beautiful pantomime, "The Sleeping Beauty." The gaily dressed fairies and courtiers made a very pretty scene. The pupils of the Fremont School gave a Poppy Dance, in which the dancers were dressed to represent poppies. The singing of the Lincoln School chorus was greatly enjoyed.

There were many features in the High School program. Both the boys' and the girls' gymnasium classes went through their exercises in a very creditable manner. The girls' classes also performed several dances. One of the prettiest of these was the "Weavers' Dance." The girls wore bright colored dresses and white Dutch caps, making a most pleasing appearance. Another interesting feature of the afternoon was the singing by the students of the High School, led by Mr. Maile. They sang many popular songs, and a third verse was added to "Bluebird" by Miss O'Connor, in honor of Mr. Burbank. The Cadets drilled before the spectators, and they showed that their hours of work had born fruit. The Cadets stood at attention while the audience sang "America," making a very effective close for the program.

During the day a tulip tree, presented to the school by Mr. O. E. Bremner, was planted at the southeast corner of the Annex. We were very much pleased with the gift, for in a few years the tree will relieve the barrenness of that part of the yard.

THE ORCHESTRA

Although the orchestra has labored under difficulties this term, they have, under the leadership of Mr. Maile, accomplished considerable. There are now sixteen members in the orchestra. We had hoped to have a very much larger number, but we have been disappointed. Perhaps one reason for the comparative smallness of our orchestra is the fact that the only period available for practise is the ninth, and this period conflicts with the science classes, the girls' gymnasium class, and the Cadets' drill period. Next term we hope to have a period during the day for the orchestra, the same as any other subject. About a third of the members are Junior High students, a fact that speaks well for the future of the orchestra.

The members of the orchestra are as follows:

Violins: Elaine Nielson, Helen Chakurian, Ruth Feliz, Drusilla Talbot, Louise Saare, Judson Steele, Elizabeth Winters and Ellsworth Barnett.

Piano: Edith McGuire and Frank Fenton.
Clarinets: Harold Nielson and Lee Kurlander.
Cornets: Claire Wilson and Armand Saare.
Alto: Armas Saarinen.
Trombone: Romollio Gemetti.
Saxaphone: Tom McGuire.

CIRCLA HISPANICA

Occupying a small and obscure corner in School Activities, is the newly organized Circla Hispanica, otherwise known as the Spanish Club, which was organized by Miss Breu for the purpose of promoting Spanish conversation. To the accomplishment of this arrangements are being made to correspond with pupils of South American high schools; along with this, there will be conducted an extensive study of these countries.

Our first social event, if it could be called that, was a swimming expedition upon the river. A jolly good time was enjoyed by all, and Miss Bren proved to be an ideal chaperone.

We are planning to go on hikes and weenie roasts and have a few dances, then, when we have become thoroughly acquainted we shall exclude all English and speak Spanish exclusively.

The officers of the organization are: Verrel Weber president, Ruth Break, vice-president, Beatrice Allison secretary, and Leona Neilson treasurer. V. W.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

Among the school activities is the newly organized Commercial Club, which was formed for the purpose of creating a higher standard in commercial subjects. During the assembly period, meetings are held in which various subjects are discussed. Scholarship is given particular attention. Students whose standard in school subjects is S -|- or above, will be eligible for membership in the Junior Chamber of Commerce, which Mrs. Nason expects to organize early in the fall semester. The officers for the term are: Elmer Near, president; Frank Grace, vice-president; Genevieve Bussman, secretary; Al Lucas, treasurer. There is an executive board of five members. The objects of the club are to hold contests in the different commercial subjects, such as typing for speed and accuracy, shorthand contest, and rapid calculation. An employment bureau will be one of the new features next semester.

—H. E. S. '19.

STUDENT'S BOOK EXCHANGE

The Student's Book Exchange has been a notable factor in school activities for the past two years. At the present time the Book Exchange is situated in the office of the Annex, formerly occupied by the school Savings Bank. It is in charge of Stanley Everett, who is a member of the Commercial Department, and as a recognition of his trust, a member of the Governing Board.

The Exchange is a clearing house for used books. Those students who wish to sell their books to other students, do so through the Exchange, which charges a small commission of ten per cent on all sales. As a result of this efficient activity, more than one hundred books have been transferred since September 1918, thereby saving students many dollars, and turning over to the Student Body treasury several dollars received in commissions.

CADETS

MILITARY

The California High School Cadets were first organized in the Santa Rosa High School during the second semester of the year 1918.

During the first of the term a meeting was held in the gymnasium for the purpose of putting before the boys of the school the necessity of military training in the high schools. A company of eighty was formed, showing the eagerness of the boys for the chance of receiving a military training.

Under the good leadership of Major Hodge the boys soon made great progress in their training. The Cadets during the first month of their training had to drill in their civilian clothes, until their uniforms were ready.

During the beginning of the drilling the Cadets soon showed their military genius. The Cadets drill three times a week on the grounds east of the high school, drilling forty-five minutes each day.

Major Hodge, Captain Carithers, First Lieutenant Smith and Second Lieutenant Wilson have undertaken the work of building a rifle range, so the Cadets will not only receive the drilling, but also the training in marksmanship. They have also had a little training in hand grenade throwing and wigwag signaling.

Since the close of the war the Cadets have not lost their interest in their training. In fact, the company has increased since the Cadets have made a good showing to the other boys of the school, who have seen since the outcome of the war the necessity of a military training.

The Cadets have put a great deal of enthusiasm into the life of the school. During the celebration of Luther Burbank's birthday the Cadets participated in the pageant given in honor of him. They gave a splendid drill before the people of the town, who have since taken an interest in the training of the Cadets.

The Cadets have planned in the summer months to take two or three hikes into the hills and receive the actual experience of army life. They have also planned to give a dance, but owing to the influenza epidemic they had to postpone their dance until later in the term.

—Melvin Snodgrass '21

AGRICULTURE

America's greatest farm problem cannot be solved by a single factor. The combined factors of many large and small forces will be necessary to bring about the desired result. Before going further let us decide "What is the Great Farm Problem of our Country?" For the answer all that is necessary is to refer to the report of the Committee on Country Life appointed for this

TRACTOR DEMONSTRATION

purpose by Theodore Roosevelt in 1910—by "Roosevelt", that great American whose foresight, prepared in advance to meet the problems that threatened the destiny of our Nation.

Briefly, the Committee report may be summed up as follows: "To maintain on **American** farms, **Americans** of the best type, whose ideals and conduct represent fairly the ideals of **American Democracy.**" Greatest of all factors for accomplishing this result is that of Education—especially practical agricultural education which influences the accomplishment of good results in both class room and community.

With this idea in mind the S. R. H. S. took advantage of the Smith-Hughes Act of 1917 and opened up a Department of Agriculture, offering the first year of a four year course in Vocational Agriculture. One half of the Director's time is given to instruction, the other to the supervision of home projects. The pupils spend

the first half day at the school studying the practical application of English, Mathematics and Science of Farming, as well as other subjects including farm mechanics, hygiene, sanitation and citizenship. During the second half of the day the students return to their homes in the country to work on their farm projects—a special business enterprise of their own. If they are successful in this course they are supposed to make and save more than if they remained out of school and worked for the going wage.

An elective course in productive Agriculture is also given to a special class of boys who are enrolled in the regular High School course. Twenty boys in all are studying agriculture, each working on one or more farm projects, a requisite absolutely necessary in order to receive access to the class.

The method of instruction involves a rather marked departure from the usual form of high school work.

The book, the pencil, and the blackboard no longer are the

prime tools in school work Sitting at a desk, reading, and answering the teacher's questions in a manner to satisfy him, are no longer the chief means of acquiring an education. The student is not looked upon as a receptacle to be filled with knowledge through eyes and ears, and to be tapped occasionally through questions and examinations in order to ascertain the degree of his fullness. The whole procedure of the course is based upon the thesis that learning is an active, and not a passive process. The student must learn to grow crops by growing crops, to feed animals by feeding them, to construct appliances by building them, to run machines by running them, so sell produce by selling it, to manage farm enterprises by managing them. In other words, to enter intelligently into practical farm life he must, as far as possible, learn in the school, farm life.

He will learn the structure and development of the endogenous plant, not by reading about palm trees and diagraming their stems,

but by an actual following up of the corn plant through the seasonal development. He will learn the metamorphosis of the lepidoptera and coleoptera, not through a midwinter reading of descriptions and surveys of ventral and dorsal views, but by an active dealing with the cabbage butterfly and potato beetle from egg to imago. His mathematics and his physics and his chemistry will deal with the actual problems that he must meet in life, his social studies with the world in which he lives.

Now this procedure very definitely means that a large part of his learning must be acquired under conditions that are not possible in the class room. He will be in the laboratory, in the shop, in the field, or at home during many of those hours in which his fellows must have their noses in their books. Further, his school year is one of twelve months and not of nine. The proof of his achievements comes not in passing examinations merely, but in accomplishing results. Results will lie not in the superintendent's office, but in wages earned, property accumulated, money profits, and the sense of social service. As yet, it is rather early to write of achievements. This cannot be done until next fall when the boys will report their 43 project acres. Twelve boys own registered Berkshires, the cream of the Brush herd that won the National Championship of America in 1917 at the stock show in Omaha, and the others from the famous Castle View ranch. So far eight sows have farrowed and the boys are finding ready sales for their registered stock at very fancy prices. This year the Santa Rosa High School Berkshire Club will have over 60 pure bred pigs to disseminate to the farmers of this country. Basing on this year's results the Santa Rosa High School Club will be able to furnish at least 120 choice pigs with registration papers showing the highest pedigree to the farmers of the county, and the State, for breeding purposes. It can easily be seen that High School achievements of this sort will soon have a far reaching effect upon the community.

How I Grew my Corn Crop

I WAS VERY NEAR to plowing time before I decided to enter the corn contest. Hearing of a farmer who had fairly good seed, I went to him and bought what I thought would be enough to plant my acre. I found out later when I shelled it that there was not enough, so I had to buy more from another farmer.

My next work was to test the corn. Taking six kernels from each ear, I placed them in a large box of sandy soil in such a way that each hill would contain the six kernels from one cob. The cobs were marked 1, 2, 3, etc., by pinning a slip of paper with the number on the end of the cob so that the rows of hills would form squares. In this way I could tell what kernels belonged to each ear. When the corn began to grow I checked the ears that had no kernels growing. These ears were thrown out.

Being a very busy season, it was late before I could get the ground plowed. The land was very dry in spots, and was rather hard to plow. This work was done on April 19, 1918. The ground was harrowed and double disced on the same day. On May 1st, 2nd and 3rd, the ground was again gone over with the harrows and disc until it was loose and all the clods broken up. After walking across the field, one could see his footprints where he had stepped.

May 4th I began planting. I put the rows about 2 feet 10 inches apart, and about two and one-half or three feet between hills. An ordinary hand planter was used and 3 or 4 kernels were dropped at

each hill. About one-seventh of the acre planted did not come up, the reason being that the ground was too dry, and also that gophers succeeded in getting the corn or the young plants coming up. So, on May 30th I went over the field and replanted, planting the seed about 4 or 5 inches deep to reach the moisture of the soil. In many places this replanting did no good.

By June 1st the corn was about half a foot high, and so I began thinning out the plants, leaving two or three plants to the hill, according to the distance from the hills. On June 6th I culticated deeply, going over the field once with a small one-horse cultivator. On June 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th I suckered the corn, pulling up or breaking off the suckers coming up. Next week, on the 25th, I again cultivated, but not going down quite so deep in the cultivating. Weeds had began to grow between the plants where the cultivator could not get at them, and so one day I hoed these out. A few small suckers began to come up, and these I pulled off. July 5th I finished my work of suckering and cultivating.

On October 12th I went through the corn field with a picking bag, and picked the ears from the plants that were most hardy looking and matured. In another week I again went over the field the same way. This corn was placed in a dry, well protected place, where mice could not get at it.

On October 25th I began harvesting my crop. I took a sharp hoe and chopped down the stalks, which were then thrown into a wagon and hauled out of the field. As soon as it was all home I started in husking. As I husked I threw the ears into prune trays. By doing this I could stack up the corn if rain appeared to be approaching. Also it made it easy to sack, as I could shovel it into the sacks with a scoop shovel. The total weight of the crop was 3,349 1-4 pounds. Out of this I gave one-third (1,117 pounds) to my father for the rent.

My next work was the seed corn. I picked up some old wire fencing that had been thrown away and cut it up, leaving one main wire, and on this attached short wires on which the ears were placed. The strings of seed were then hung from the rafters in the barn.

If I had to grow this crop of corn over again, I would in the first place see that the ground was plowed before it had become too dry. This was the main reason why so much of the seed planted would not grow.

Hector Mitchie, '19.

SOCIAL

Owing to the school term being so broken into by various "flu" vacations, not much has been done in the social line.

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

On December 7, 1918, the Upperclassmen gave the entering Freshmen a reception. This time the entire party was run by the students. Chairmen of the various committees were appointed by the governing board, and were as follows: Finance committee, Walter Lamore; music, Bess Godman; refreshments, Helen Crane; reception and entertainment, Beatrice Allison.

A short but interesting program was given after the young people had gathered. The program began with a tight rope exhibition by Miss Estelle Hudson. One of the most interesting things on the program was the skit which took off the teachers' mannerisms in dress, speech and action, in which the Upperclassmen showed their ability to mimic to perfection. The skit "Did He?", given by Walter Lamore, Verrel Weber, Beatrice Allison, Wendell Wilson and Ernest Allen, was worthy of a place on the vaudeville stage, and furnished no end of fun for the young people.

A tragedy in three acts proved to "be a scream." It was anything but tragic in its effect upon the audience, which was kept in roars of laughter throughout its presentation.

After the program the remaining time was given to dancing. Cider and doughnuts were served during the evening. Our accomplished student body president, Verne Smith, gave an address of welcome to the entering "baby class," to which Elizabeth Thompson, president of the 9A class responded.

The second Freshman reception was on Saturday evening, April 5th. The students were in full control, and have now shown the Mothers' Club that they are capable of running their own parties. The decorating committee labored hard and long on Saturday afternoon decorating the gymnasium. After five o'clock several boys coming in noted the decorations, and deciding they did not like them, tore them down and replaced them with some "weeping willows" and white flowers, which were a marked improvement on the first. The Upperclassmen will take this opportunity to thank Melvin Snodgrass, Ernest Price, Malcolm Weeks and Percy Alexanderson for their work. It was very much appreciated.

The evening program came off nicely. Thanks are extended to Walter Lamore for his good sportsmanship in leading the singing when he didn't know the words. Those yells and the leader—neither can be beaten. The punch was good this time, and everyone appreciated it, it was so unusual; the floor was fine and the music

"heavenly." Verne Smith made the Freshmen a very clever "welcome" speech, and made the "babies" feel at home.

The Freshman class president, Francis Fiazzi, gave a very nice response. The Freshmen were given striped sticks of candy appropriately colored. Everyone, even the Mothers, voted the evening to be one of the most pleasant spent at any Hi school party.

CHAMBERLAIN'S RECITAL

An audience appreciative, although not large, greeted the Chamberlains in their performance at the Annex Auditorium.

A group of songs from Handel, another of English ballads and modern war songs, were among the treats offered to his hearers by Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain has a splendid voice. His tones are well placed and his good diction was particularly noticed.

Miss Chamberlain, the talented young violinist , was well received. She has a wonderful technique and a very fair tone. The future will undoubtedly hold a great place for her budding genius.

Mrs. Chamberlain's accompaniments provided over half the evening's enjoyment. Her preludes were full of sympathy, and the spirit of her work entered fully into that of her artistic husband and daughter.

This concluded the evening's performance, and the curtain fell with everyone satisfied with the results. Much thanks should be extended to Mr. Maile for his efforts and help, in bringing Mr. Chamberlain and his family to Santa Rosa to sing for the students and for the public.

JUNIOR COLLEGE PARTY

Although postponed so many times that it began to seem a mere myth, the Junior College party actually took place in the Gym Friday evening, May 23rd.

The hall was prettily decorated, the punch was splendid, and there was plenty of it, and the music couldn't be surpassed. So it goes without saying that with all these, nothing short of an extremely good time could be enjoyed by anyone.

For some unknown reason the Seniors failed to appear in large numbers, but after they learned what they had missed, they all regretted the fact that they had not attended.

Miss Walker, Miss Matchette, Miss Nelson, Miss Gray, Mrs. F B. Hatch, Mrs. D. Dixon, Mrs. I. D. Steele and Mrs. T. I Brownscombe were patronesses.

The party was under the management of the president of the Junior College, Verrel Weber. The committees were, Music, Andy Lagan and Alida Showers; refreshments, Laura Whitney, Eloise Robbins, Dorothy Adams and Elsie Moore; Fern Powell and Inez

Russell had charge of the program, while the college as a whole acted on the decoration committee.

Andrew Lagan, ably assisted by Mr. Nason and Mr. Luke, acted as floor manager.

The party ran over the usual time, but those present didn't seem to mind it in the least, and all declared they had the very best time ever.

It is to be hoped that the Junior College will follow up this dance with others equally successful.

WELCOMING THE RETURNING SOLDIERS

Many boys, in the uniform of their country, who were formerly graduates of Santa Rosa High School, visited the school on Friday, May 16th. A royal welcome was given them.

The first speaker, who was introduced by Verne Smith, Student Body persident, was Lieutenant Peterson, who gave some very thrilling experiences in France.

The students sang "The Last Long Mile," after which Corporal Merton Meeker spoke. His tale was just the opposite from Lieutenant Peterson's, but was just as interesting. Following his talk Melvin Brooks sang "The Rose in No Man's Land" and "Beautiful Ohio" with the assembly joining in the chorus.

Mr. Montgomery delivered a short talk on "The Boys that Will Never Return." There are eight gold stars in the high school's gigantic service flag, for eight students have given their lives for their country. They are John Coon, Harold McMeans, Merle Gregory, Elmer Fresher, Thomas Smith, Charles Thompson and Miss Cara Keech, who served as a Red Cross nurse.

The entertainment closed by the singing of our dearly beloved song "America."

THE CANDY SALE

April 18 was one of the most exciting days of our school year. In the afternoon there was a lively field meet with Analy, but that is dealt with elsewhere. I am to tell of another interesting feature of the day, the candy sale, held to raise money for the Echo. Each class had a decorated booth. The Juniors used the school colors, orange and black, and the Seniors used their class colors, red and white, while the Sophomores and Freshmen used flowers for decorations. Class spirit ran high, and a good sum was raised, as follows: Seniors, sixteen dollars and sixty-five cents; Sophomores fourteen dollars; Freshmen, seven dollars and fifteen cents; Juniors four dollars and forty cents, making a total of forty-two dollars and twenty cents.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

While the public speaking class is an innovation of the last year at Santa Rosa High School, it is already taking a credible part in the school activities, and has presented several interesting one act plays, in addition to doing other work.

First given of the plays was a charming little comedy entitled "Six Cups of Chocolate," in which Lillian Rinner, Laura Birkhofer, Mildred Button, Marylee Patton, Beatrice Allison and Marion Peterson played the parts, respectively, of the romantic girl, the southern girl, the fashionable New York debutante, the western girl, the aristocratic Bostonian maiden and the French mademoiselle, all young college girls of the town of Hartford. Admiring the same handsome young man, the girls receive from him, after a very brief acquaintanceship, exceedingly sentimental love letters, each an almost exact duplicate of the other. The indignation of the girls upon discovering the fraud, and their characteristic actions and sayings thereupon, formed no inconsiderable part of the motif of the play.

"A Pot of Broth" was next given by the class, and elicited considerable praise from the students. It portrayed the coming of a beggarman to the house of Sybbe Cornellia, a peasant of the Irish countryside who had no great reputation for charity. At first refused food, the beggarman, by the pretended use of a "magic" stone, for which he needs, first a pot and some water, nothing more, he assured her (except a little cornmeal, a few cabbage leaves, etc.) Other ingredients he slyly adds, the while Sybbe's eyes are blinded by his love-making. Sybbe is astounded by the savouriness of his brew, and purchases the stone from him by the provisions for a dinner to be given the "praist" that midday. The beggar departs as the "praist" is discerned descending the road from a nearby hilltop, coming to a dinnerless house.

In other lines as well, the students of this class took part. Several members gave Red Cross speeches, when such speeches were in vogue, while on Washington's birthday all the members participated in readings on the lifetime of this first beloved President of our land. Upon Lincoln's birthday, Howard Kirby gave "The National Flag," and Marylee Patton a charming recital of "A Toast to the Flag."

But by far the most important work of the term was the participation in the Shakespeare contest held in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley. Howard Kirby and Laura Birkhofer were sent to this affair, being the winners in an elementary contest held at this high school, and these two speakers gave their parts before the student body.

—Lawrence Hart.

ALUMNI

The Santa Rosa High School Alumni Association is annually increasing its already large membership. Its members are to be found in all walks of life. Many of the Alumni have realized the necesssity of advanced education, and are pursuing their studies at our leading colleges and universities. The stirring events of the past have so greatly altered the normal course of daily life that it has been impossible to trace them all.

Among those attending the University of California are George Marvin, '17; Vera Stump, '17; Ione Long '17; Legro Pressley '17; Roene Emery '17; Leonard Talbot '17 Loraine Johnson '18; Marjory Vaughan '18.

At San Jose Normal are Laura Strohmeier '18, Rosalind Bacigalupe '18; Alma Eddie '18; Evelyn Laughlin '181; Helga Laughlin '18; Olga Opland '18.

Among those at Stanford are Frances Payne '17; Dwight Barnett '17; Paul Chapman '18; Helen Payne '18.

The following Alumni are attending the Santa Rosa Junior College: Veriel Weber, '18; Alida Showers, '18; Andrew Lagan, '18; Dorothy Adams '18; Eloise Robbins '18; and Inez Russell '18.

Quite a number are securing a commercial training at Sweet's Business College. They are Lela Pool '18, Marie Albers '18; Mary Tsmura, '18; Sarah Fisk, '18; Mildred Bucknum, '18; Arthur Collins, '17.

Mable Benson '18; Florence Enzminger '18; Bernice Showers '18; Irene Nathanson '17 are training at San Francisco Normal school.

Aline Kistler is studying at the University of the Pacific at San Jose.

Adella Arnold and Edward McDowell are with the Metropolitan Insurance Company in San Francisco.

Leland Hodgson is a pharmacist in Napa.

Genial Paul Johnson is doing Government work at Mare Island.

It is with much pleasure we hear of Beth Haskell's recent success on the stage.

Anita Chapman is attending Arts and Crafts School in Berkeley.

Gertrude Baker '18 is studying art in San Francisco.

Henry Scaeffer, '19

EXCHANGES

I was walking along a narrow road about eight o'clock one evening. There was a clump of bushes at one side and, as I passed this I received the surprise of my life. I was suddenly tripped and fell violently to the ground. I started to get up but could not. Just then I heard a voice and turned around to see "Ariel" from Santa Ana walking about giving directions to a number of other papers, with all of which I had exchanged. I just caught a glimpse of "Early Trainer" from Lawrence, Mass., as it said in a little piping voice, "Don't let him go, he said I didn't have any good stories, and also that I didn't devote enough space to athletics and school notes. I want to get even with him."

"Never fear, I'll hang onto him," replied the Greenville Nautilus which was holding me, "I've got a grudge against him too. He said that I ought to have a few more cuts, and I am sure that would ruin my personal appearance." "We will hold a trial," said Ariel, "and I will be council for the defense. He said that my cuts, headings and snapshots were very good, and that my joke department was fine, so I bear him no grudge."

"I don't know which side to go on," cried the Colus from Colusa, "he informed me that my cover design was good, my editorial was good, but he thought I didn't have enough snaps."

The Tahoma, from "Tacoma, Wash., came over to the defense, because I had told them that their snaps were exceedingly good.

The Napa High Paper, the "Napanee," also came over to my side as I liked their literary department, and also their cuts and headings.

The St. Helena Far Darter was undecided. I had reported favorably on their literary department but did not like their jokes.

Just then the jury entered. It consisted of papers that I had asked to exchange, but had not received in time to report on. They were the "Searchlight" of San Rafael, the Adjutant of Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy, the Lawrence High School Budget of Lawrence, Kansas, Golden Bear from Sonoma, Gold and Black, Tampa, Florida, the Poppy from Winters, the Stoga, from Calistoga and the Bostonian, from Manchester, Vermont. The jury sat down and the court was called to order.

Just then the alarm clock went off and I got up to go about the business of another day.

Wentworth Barnett, '19.

THE "ECHO'S" PAGE

Thinking it might be of interest to the student body to know something about this issue of the "Echo," the editors take this opportunity to speak of it.

This year's Literary Contest was the most successful ever carried on. Over fifty manuscripts, poems, stories and essays inclusive, were submitted, the largest number ever submitted in such a contest. So excellent were the papers as a whole that the judges had great difficulty in determining which were the best. In addition to the first three awards, three other stories which the judges considered to be very fine also, appear in this issue. One of these, "War Socks," by a Junior College student, was ineligible for the contest but was termed the best story of all. Miss Matchette, Miss Fisher, Miss O'Meara, Helen Crane, Daisy Grahame and Edwin Clapp formed the committee of judges.

The Cartoon Contest was not so successful, very few cartoons being submitted. Joe Deering's were easily the best.

There are a number of new features in this issue, the bookplate, directions for reading the "Echo" (Alfred Poulsen is responsible for these) frontispiece, "In Memoriam," the Students' Achievement page, this page and others. Every cut in the book is a new one, forty-three all told. This "Echo" is twenty pages larger than the 1917 issue, the largest previous "Echo."

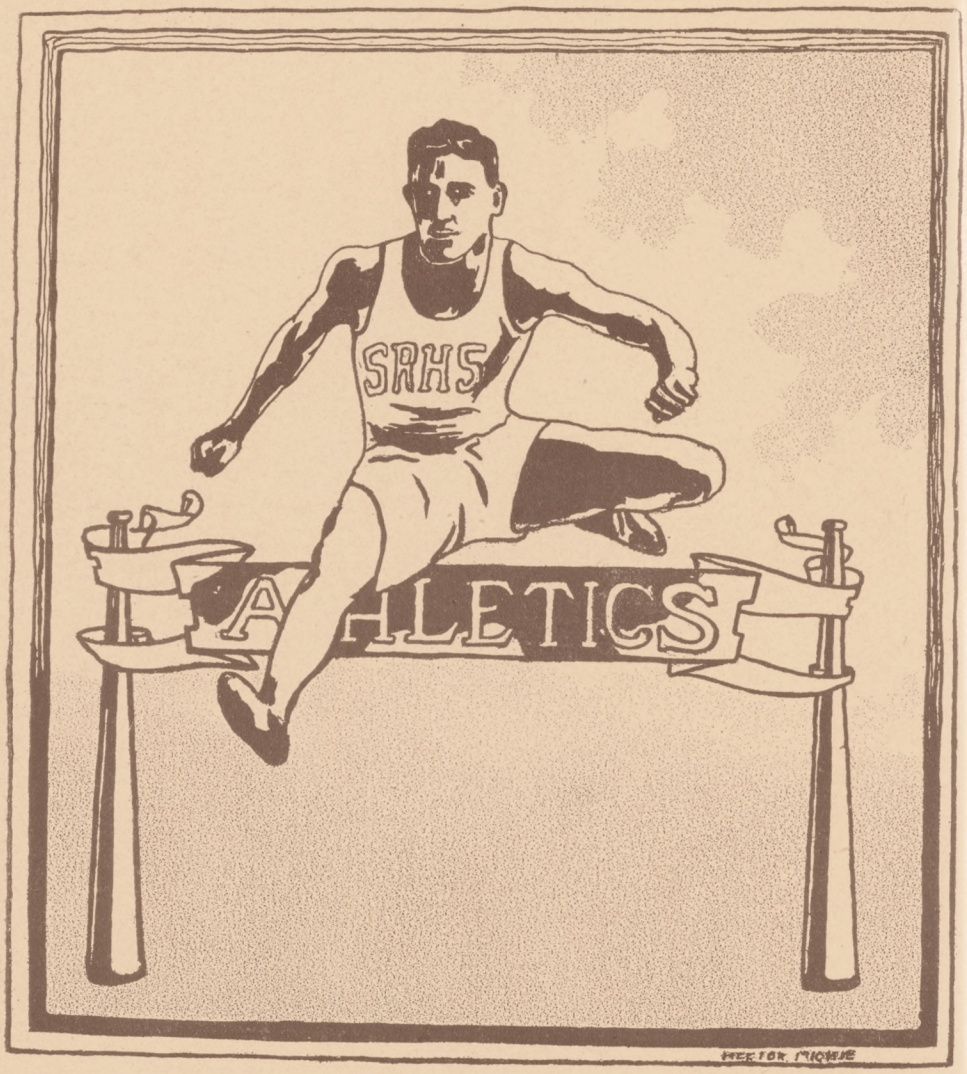
All this required more money than could be raised through advertising and subscriptions. The candy sale raised about $42 for the "Echo." Mr. Chamberlain's recital, the girls' track meet, and ice cream were all means of making money. On the day of the Northwestern League meet fourteen gallons of ice cream were sold.

One of the chief objects of the editors was to make this "Echo" a little different from previous ones. To this end the shape, cover design and general arrangement have been changed, and some of the standard features altered in detail. Thus this year's Horoscope is a report from the Santa Rosa Insane Asylum, and the Prophecy is in newspaper form.

Financially the "Echo" was a success.

This year the "Echo" is published by the student body, not by the Senior class, and we, the editors, are responsible to you, the students, for the paper. How do you like it?

—The Editors.


SRHS
ATHLETICS
HECTOR MICHIE

BASKET BALL

BASKET BALL TEAM

Our baseball season strrted early this year. Our athletic director, Coach Hodge, made a call for basketball men late in September, and a large number of fellows turned out. Two teams were formed, the unlimited and 130 pound, one team practicing in the afternoon and the other in the evening. Coach Hodge gave everyone an equal chance, putting both former players and beginners through the rudiments, and then teaching them the fine points of the game.

Unlimited Team

The team, as Coach Hodge finally chose it, consisted of: Moore, center and captain; Mallory, Herbert and Adams, forwards; Kidd and Morrill, guards.

Moore played an excellent game at center, keeping his opponent on the jump, while Mallory played a tricky game as forward, eluding the opposing guard. Herbert also played a good game as for-

ward, fooling his man and shooting many pretty goals. Adams, as forward, was a good goaler, especially at long shots. Kidd, as guard, played an extremely good game, blocking his opponent in every move. Morrill, the only new man at basketball, played a consistent game as guard, being always at the place where he was most needed. Above all, our boys showed excellent team work, the thing that counts in basketball. They played as a unit, and not as individuals, so no undue praise is due any player.

Our first game was with Analy, Ostober 12. We won, the score being 26 to 22. A large crowd attended and we had a real rooting section. The prospects for the basketball season were splendid, with an excellent team coming out to practice and improving daily, and the students taking more interest than ever in basketball.

The next week rumors about the "flu" were in evidence, and then, "bang"! On October 19 our school closed and remained closed until November 25.

After the "flu" vacation basketball practice started once more, but many of the nearby schools had discontinued the game, and we played with no outside schools. The state league games were to begin after Christmas, and our fellows were in fine trim.

But again the "flu," and our school closed from December 23, until February 3.

When school reopened, our fellows again started to practice. The league was discontinued, and we again played only practice games: one with Sonoma, one with St. Helena, one with the all-star team composed of Alumni and our coach, and a final game with St. Helena. The St. Helena game was an unfortunate one, as two men from the 130 had to play in the places of two of the regular players, and they could do nothing against the superior weight of their opponents.

Scores:

S. R. H. S.	26	Analy	22
S. R. H. S.	38	Sonoma	16
S. R. H. S.	2	St. Helena	19
S. R. H. S.	11	All-Stars	32
S. R. H. S.	19	St. Helena	54
Total	146	Total	143

130 Pound Team

Wright and Grace as forwards made a winning combination; Dibble played a fine game as guard, fooling the opposing forward and making it impossible for him to shoot; Kenworthy played well as forward, but played a much better game at guard, which was his final position; Schmidt, as center part of the season, played an

excellent game, and Cowan, as center, guard or forward, played well. The 130 had team work down to a science, and played as one man. The members deserve more credit for team work than they do for brilliant individual playing.

Scores:

130	16	Sebastopol	19
130	7	Junior Hi	5
130	20	Business College	22
130	9	Junior Hi	6
Total	52	Total	52

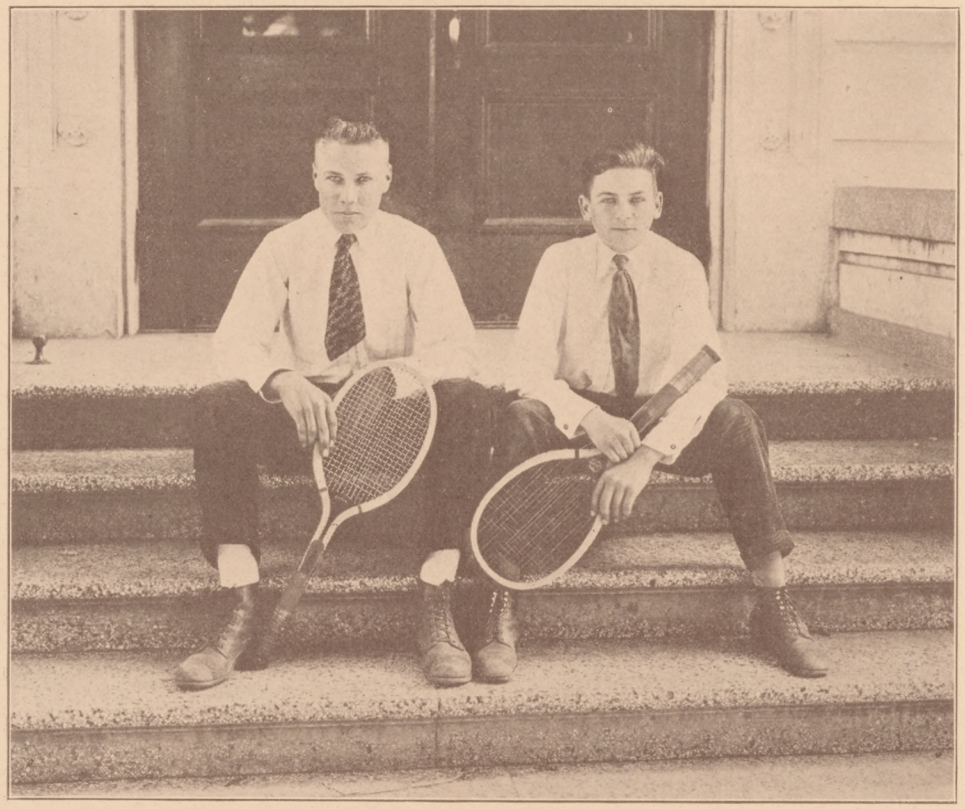
We also had a 110 pound team which won two games. With good 110 and 130 pound teams, the prospects for the future of basketball is promising.

The fellows who received numerals for basketball are: Morrill, Cowan, Schmidt, Dibble and Grace.

Our manager, Andy Lagan, was always on the job, and made basketball a financial success.

We owe many thanks to Mr. Hodge for the time and attention he gave the game. A great deal of credit is due the fellows, who in spite of colds, "flu," and other drawbacks, kept going. Credit is also due the student body for the loyal manner in which they supported their teams.

TENNIS



TENNIS TEAM

Bill Wright George Long

Tennis is a new sport in S. R. H. S. We have worked for several years for tennis courts on our school grounds, but we haven't obtained them as yet. The credit for our having courts to play on should be given to Mr. Hodge. He aroused interest among the students and persuaded the Board of Education to obtain for the students the privilege of playing on the courts of the S. R. Tennis Club.

Immediately after Christmas the students began to play. During one of our many "flu" vacations, the court was crowded every day.

The season started with the interclass tournament on April 3. The Juniors, Wright and Allan, won from the Freshmen, Cowan and Underhill, 6-2, 6-3 in the first match; and the Seniors, Carithers

and Long, won from the Sophomores, Adams and Alexanderson, 6-4, 6-3, in the second match. In the finals the Juniors won from the Seniors, 7-5, 6-4, thus giving the tournament to Santa Rosa.

Sonoma Game

April 19 we played a league tournament against Sonoma. The game was played on a dirt court at Sonoma to which our opponents were accustomed, while our own players were used to a hard court and were at a disadvantage. In the first singles, Frank Cornwall of Sonoma won from Wright, 6-0, 6-4; Long won a very hard-fought match from J. Cameron of Sonoma, 7-9, 6-4, 9-7. It was close playing throughout, as the players were evenly matched. In the doubles Sonoma won, 7-6, 6-2, 6-3, our players taking only the first set, so the tournament went to Sonoma.

Healdsburg Game, April 24

Healdsburg came to play a league tournament with us on our own courts. Healdsburg did not wish to play singles, nor did we. So only the doubles were played. Wright and Long defeated G. Lentz and A. Miller, winning the tournament for S. R. H. S.

Sebastopol Game, May 1

In the first singles Long won a tight match from A. Ross. Ross had point set on Long, but Long won the point and then the game, made it deuce set, and then won the set and the match. The score was, 5-7, 6-2, 8-6. Wright had no trouble in winning from Kemp Nolan, 6-1, 7-5, thus giving another league tournament to Santa Rosa.

Second Petaluma Game in May

We defeated Petaluma once, but lost to Sonoma, and Petaluma was also beaten once (by us) so a tie resulted between Petaluma Hi and Santa Rosa Hi for the championship of this section of the league. Petaluma came to play off the tie on our courts.

The first match of singles between Wright and C. Nielson of Petaluma was a close one throughout. Nielson won, Wright taking one set of a 6-3, 7-9, 6-4 match. In the second set of doubles Long played against H. Horn of Petaluma. The two players were evenly matched and it was a pretty game to watch. Horn won, Long meeting his only defeat of the season. The score was 5-7, 6-3, 6-4. Petaluma won the tournament.

Considering that it was our first year at tennis the results were very good indeed. Three out of five tournaments is not a bad record for the first year. For their work Wright and Long received their block S.

Next year we hope to have tennis courts on the school grounds and to make tennis a major sport.

BASE BALL

BASEBALL TEAM

The season began about the middle of March and a team was quickly formed. The battery was composed of Dearing and Dibble catchers; Carithers and Near pitchers. The infield was an excellent one as far as individual playing was concerned, and the fellows also displayed good team work. The infield was composed of Fred Sheppard at first; John Lucas at second; Al Lucas at short stop and Cliff Morril at third. For the outfield positions we had several good men, Frank Grace, Johnny Parmeter, Tom Grace, George Long and Herbert Work. The team was very good at the bat, Captain Sheppard, F. Grace, Parmeter, A. Lucas, Dearing and Morrill being the best. Parmeter was an excellent sacrifice hitter.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES

On March 22nd we played a practice game with Analy, the

first game of the season. The play was not very smooth, but the stuff was there to make a good team.

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
S. R. H. S.	3	1	0	0	8	1	0	0	0	—13
Analy	1	0	1	1	2	0	0	1	3	—9

Batteries—S. R. H. S.: Near, Carithers and Dibble; Analy: Winkler and Buletti. Struck out: By Near, 8; Carithers, 3; Winkler, 4. Walked: By Near, 2; Carithers, 2; Winkler, 9.

On April 1 we played a practice game with Healdsburg. Our team easily won, and it was not an exciting game.

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
S. R. H. S.	2	2	1	3	2	2	4	0	0	—16
Healdsburg	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	2	1	—6

Batteries—S. R. H. S.: Near, Carithers and Dibble, Dearing; Healdsburg: LeBaron and Wright. Struck out: Le Baron, 2; Near, 12; Carithers, 5. Walked: By Le Baron, 6; Carithers, 2; Near, 1.

On April 10 we played our first league game at Petaluma, with Petaluma Hi. It was a good game, being featured by the work of the batteries. John Lucas made a three-bagger in the first inning, bringing in our first run. The game was tight all the way through, but the breaks went against us and we lost.

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
S. R. H. S.	1	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	—5
P. H. S.	0	0	0	3	0	0	3	1	0	—7

Batteries—S. R. H. S.: Near and Dearing; P. H. S.: Arfsten and Hagedohn. Struck out: By Near, 11; Arfsten, 8. Walked: By Near, 5; Arfsten, 3.

On April 19 we played a league game with Sonoma Hi at Sonoma and won a tight game. The game was a pitchers' duel between Schell and Near, and the most exciting game of the season. Each side made a run in the first inning, but in the seventh, by bunching hits and by an error at second, we made 3 runs.

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
S. R. H. S.	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	—4
S. H. S.	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—2

Batteries—S. R. H. S.: Near and Dibble; S. H. S.: Schell and Cahawet. Struck out: By Near, 11; Schell, 9. Walked: By Near, 3; Schell, 2.

On April 23 we played a league game with Analy Hi. We knocked one pitcher out of the box, mauled another one, and won the game. In the third inning one man was at bat twice.

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
S. R. H. S.	1	1	7	0	2	2	0	1	0	—14
A.H.	4	2	0	1	1	2	0	0	1	—11

Batteries—S. R. H. S.: Carithers and Dearing; A. H. S.: Worth, Winkler and Buletti. Struck out: By Carithers, 4; Worth, 5; Winkler, 3. Walked: By Carithers, 5; Worth, 3; Winkler, 3.

On April 25 we played a league game with Healdsburg. This game was another slugfest and resulted in a victory for S. R. H. S.

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
S. R. H. S.	1	1	1	1	1	7	1	0	0	—13
H. H. S.	3	1	0	1	0	0	3	1	0	— 9

Batteries—S. R. H. S.: Carithers and Dearing, and Dibble; H. H. S., Phillips and Wright. Struck out: By Carithers, 5; Phillips, 4. Walked: By Carithers, 1; Phillips, 6.

Batting averages:

	AB.	H.	Per Ct.
Carithers	8	5	.633
Near	13	7	.534
Parmeter	16	7	.437
Long	16	7	.437
Morrill	23	10	.434
Dibble	7	3	.427
Sheppard	24	10	.417
Dearing	17	6	.353
F. Grace	18	6	.333
A. Lucas	18	5	.277
T. Grace	4	1	.250
J. Lucas	28	6	.215
H. Work	4	1	.250
TEAM	191	74	.380

RUN GETTERS	
Morrill	11
Sheppard	9
Parmeter	7
A. Lucas	6
Dearing	6
J. Lucas	5
Long	5
Carithers	5
F. Grace	5
Near	2
Dibble	2
T. Grace	2
H. Work	1
TEAM	66

BASE STEALERS	
Morrill	13
Sheppard	11
F. Grace	9
Carithers	5
T. Grace	5
J. Lucas	4
Dearing	4
A. Lucas	3
Long	3
Near	2
Dibble	2
Parmeter	2
Work	2
TEAM	65

Those who received block S's for baseball are: Dibble, Parmeter, Morrill, Sheppard, A. Lucas, J. Lucas, F. Grace, Carithers, and T. Grace.

Those who received numerals are: Work, Dearing, Near and Long.

Many thanks are due Mr. Hodge and Melvin Brooks for the time and energy they gave to coaching and managing the baseball team. The students are to be complimented for their showing at the games, and their jazzy rooting in support of the team.

TRACK

TRACK TEAM

This year has been an extremely successful one in track. We placed well up in the state meets; we were extremely successful in duals, and in the two league meets which we were in, we took first both times.

Our team this year was one of quality, not of quantity. Very few fellows were on the team, but they were first place men. The team can be divided into two groups, one composed of the veterans of several seasons, and a group of new and younger athletes. In the first group were: Moore, Lamore, Kidd and Mallory. Moore was our distance man and shot putter; Lamore was a crack sprinter and pole vaulter; Kidd was a sprinter and low hurdler; and Mallory was a high hurdler, and high and broad jumper.

Among the athletes with less experience were: Dearing, hurdler and quarter miler; Snodgrass, hurdler and sprinter; Allen, discus

and javelin thrower; Adams, sprinter and quarter miler; and Weeks, shot putter and sprinter.

In one league we entered a one hundred and twenty pound team composed of Weeks, Haskell, Hudson and McTigue. Moore was the largest individual point getter of the season and the star of the team, while Lamore was a close second, with Weeks and Mallory next. Kidd was a star athlete but was ineligible for the league meets.

N. C. S. of C. I. F. at Berkeley

We sent four men to this meet on April 12. They were: Moore, Lamore, Dearing and Snodgrass. Moore took second in the mile and the half mile, and third in the shot. Lamore took fourth in the pole vault, giving S. R. H. S. a total of 9 points.

Interclass

On April 15 the annual interclass was held. Many new fellows came out and have since been training. Pete Moore '19, was the star of the meet, taking five first places. The Sophomores won the relay. The score: Seniors, 62 1-2; Sophomores, 35; Freshmen, 15; Juniors, 1.

Analy Dual

On April .. we had a dual meet with Analy, and the black and orange was victorious. It was a close and hot contest throughout, and Analy athletes put up a hard fight. When the relay was run, the score stood so that whoever won it won the meet. The relay team for S. R. H. S., composed of Moore, Adams, Lamore and Kidd, won the relay and the meet.

Events

880 yards—First, Moore (S. R.); second, Myers (A); third, Rice (A.). Time, 2:12:0.

100-yard dash—First Kidd (S. R.); second, Lamore (S. R.); third, Baker (A.). Time, 0:10:4.

120 high hurdles—First, Winkler (A.); second, Mallory (S. R.); third, Dearing (S. R.). Time, 0:17:3.

440—First, Myers (A.); second, Williamson (A.); third, Dearing (S. R.). Time, 1:1:4.

220—First, Lamore (S. R.); second, Myers (A.); third, Buletti (A.). Time, 0:24:1.

220 low hurdles—First, Kidd (S. R.); second, Edgerton (A); third, Snodgrass (S. R.). Time, 0:29:4.

Mile—First, Moore (S. R.); second, Heintz (A.); third, Rice (A.). Time, 5:4:0.

Discus—First Winkler (A.); second, Allen (S. R.); third, Rice (A.). Distance, 102 feet.

Pole vault—First, Lamore (S. R.); second, Edgerton (A.); third, Corrothers (A.). Height, 10 feet.

High jump—First, Bruce (A.); second, Corrothers (A.); third, Mallory (S. R.). Height, 3 feet 2 inches.

Shot—First, Moore (S. R.); Second, Weeks (S. R.); third, V.

Smith (S R.). Distance, 39 feet 3 inches.

Broad jump—First, Mallory (S. R.); second, Corrothers (A.); third, Bruce (A.). Distance, 18 feet 6 inches.

Javelin—First, Winkler (A.); second, Baker (A.); third, Weeks (S. R.). Distance, 110 feet

Relay—First, Santa Rosa; second, Analy. Time, 1:46:2.

Point winners for Santa Rosa-- Moore, 15; Lamore, 13; Kidd, 11; Mallory, 9; Weeks, 4; Allen, 3; Dearing, 2; Snodgrass, 1; V. Smith, 1.

Results of meet—Score: S. R. H. S., 65; Analy, 58.

State Meet at San Bernardino

On April 26 Pete Moore went to the state meet at San Bernardino. The contest was held in a driving rain and running was difficult. Moore ran a close second in the 880, and took third in a fast mile. He took 5 points for S. R. and gave us eighth place in the meet in which over 50 schools competed.

Northwestern League

On May 10 the big meet of the year for our school was held on our own track. We had a large rooting section to cheer ur team, and they captured the first place, thus adding another first place banner to our collection in the assembly hall. Lamore was the individual star of the entire meet, taking first in the 100, 220 and pole vault. Pete Moore came second, with first in the 885 and mile, and second in the shot put. Our other athletes, although not stars, gave a good account of themselves, Mallory winning the high hurdles, taking second in the broad and third in the high jump; Adams running strong second in the quarter; and Dearing taking third in the low hurdles and fourth in the 440. In the relay, our team, composed of Moore, Snodgrass, Adams and Lamore, lost first by a couple of feet and took second.

In the 120 pound class, Weeks and Haskell were the only men from S. R. to place. Weeks was the individual star of the 120 pound class, breaking one record and placing in two events. Weeks, in the 8 pound shot, broke the state record with a put of 42 feet 1 inch. Weeks is an excellent shot putter for his weight, and his form is second to none. Haskell took third in the shot put, and Weeks tied for third in the 50 yard dash.

After the meet was over and the medals had been distributed, we held a rally. We put the first place pennant on a javelin pole and the pole in the hands of Pete Moore, and organized the chain-gang, with Pete at the head.

Results:

(Abbreviations!—S. R., Santa Rosa; A., Analy; C., Cloverdale; S. H., St. Helena; U., Ukiah; P., Petaluma; H., Healdsburg.)

Events

880—First, Moore (S. R.); second, Heintz (A.); third, Lowe (U.); fourth, Corothers (A.). Time, 2:09.

100-yard dash—First, Lamore (S. R.); second, Wagner (U.); third, Reynaud (P.); fourth, Baker (A.). Time, 0:10:3.

120-yard high hurdles—First, Mallory (S. R.); second, Winkler (A.); third, Atkinson (U.); fourth, Bruce (A.). Time, 0:17.3.

50-yard, 100 class—First, Milne (U.); second, Hopkins (P.); third, Todd (C.), Weeks (S. R.). Time, 0:6:1.

440 yards—First, Meyer (A.); second, Adams (S. R.); third, York (U.); fourth, Dearing (S. R.). Time, 1:1:4.

Mile—First, Moore (S. R.); second, Heintz (A.); third, Lowe (U.); fourth, Arfsten (P.). Time, 5:1:3.

220-yard dash—First, Lamore (S. R.); second, Meyers (A.); third, Baker (A.); fourth, Wagner (U.). Time, 0:24:4.

220 low hurdles—First, Davidson (U.); second, Edgerton (A.); third, Dearing (S. R.); fourth, Horn (P.). Time, 0:25:1.

880 relay—First, Analy; second, Santa Rosa; third, Ukiah; fourth, St. Helena. Time, 1:47:2.

8-pound shot, 120 class—First, Weeks (S. R.); second, Hopkins (P.); third. Haskell (S. R.); fourth, Milne (U.). Distance, 42 feet 1 inch.

Discus—First, Winkler (A.); second, Kellar (U.); third, Reynaud (P.); fourth Burbank (P.). Distance 105 feet 6 inches.

High jump—First, W. Bebbe (P.). Bruce (A.); third, Mallory (S. R.); fourth, Ribonson (H.), Swift (S. H.), Corothers (A.). Height, 5 feet 5 inches.

Pole vault—First, Lamore (S. R.); second, Newman (H.); third, McCullough (H.), Swift (S. H.) Distance, 10 feet 8 inches.

12-pound shot—First Reynaud (P.); second, Moore (S. R.); third, Kellar (U.); fourth, Sloper (U.). Distance 40 feet 1 inch.

Broad jump—First Davidson (U.); second, Mallory (S. R.); third, Lovers (S. R.); fourth, Bruce (A.), D. Corothers (A.).

Javelin—First, Winkler (A.); second, Sloper (U.); third, Anker (U.); fourth, Baker (A.). Distance, 111 feet.

S. R., Santa Rosa; A, Analy; C, Cloverdale; S. H., St. Helena; U, Ukiah; P, Petaluma; H, Healdsburg.

Total points—Santa Rosa, 55 1-2; Analy, 47 1-3; Ukiah, 46; Petaluma, 27; St. Helena. 4 5-6; Healdsburg, 14 5-6; and Cloverdale, 1 1-2.

Point winners for Santa Rosa—Lamore, 15 2-3; Moore, 13 2-3; Mallory, 10; Weeks, 6 1-2; Adams, 3 2-3; Dearing, 3; Haskell, 2; Snodgrass, 2-3.

S. N. S. Meet at St. Helena

On May 24 our team traveled to St. Helena and captured another banner with the significant words "First Place" on it. Moore was the individual star of the meet, capturing four first places. He won the shot put with a put of 388, the half mile in 2:07, the 440 in the fast time of 0:53:2, and won the mile in five minutes. Lamore won the hundred in 0:10:2 and the 220 in 0:24:1; tied for second in the pole vault, with a vault of 10 feet; was second in 50 yard dash. Mallory took third in the high hurdles, broad

jump and high jump. The result of the meet was in doubt until the end. A hot contest between Vallejo and S. R. resulted in our winning the meet by two-thirds of a point.

Point winners for S. R.—Moore, 20; Lamore, 15 1-2; Mallory, 6.

V. W.

SCHOOL PARTY, FRIDAY, JUNE 6

At the Governing Board the various chairmen were appointed to make arrangements for the High School party: Marylee Patton, decoration; Helen Crane, refreshment; Beatrice Allison, music; Walter Lamore, finance; Marian Belden, reception.

The best music and punch that could be secured was gotten for this High School party. Everyone was satisfied with the results. The musicians were: Clifford Dont, piano; Russel Colwell, banjo; Leon Kurlander, drums. The music began at 8:30 and stopped only for the intermission between dances until twelve o'clock. All the students who were before dissatisfied with the school parties seemed more than pleased with the success of this one.

JOSHES

What Greets Our Ears Frequently

Mr. Steele—"Outline the rest of the book, stating causes, principles, events and results.

Monty—"Just one more announcement."

Miss Nelson—"Be consistent, you're wasting your time."

Miss Machette—"If you were ladies and gentlemen—"

Miss O'Meara—"Remain the ninth period."

Miss Rued—"Iz zat so" (sarcastically).

How It Feels to Go to Sea

A woman and her daughter were at sea during a storm.

Mother: "Are you seasick, dear?"

Daughter: "No, I think not, mother; but I'd hate to yawn."

The suitor: "I hope, sir, that you will consider me in the nature of an investment, even if I may not pay regular dividends."

The girl's father: "My dear boy, don't talk of dividends. I shall be glad if you don't levy regular assessments on me."

Joel Mallory
Walt Going Over
Another Mallory
McCord in the lead
Helen
Pete Breaking IN
Walt Sprinting

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

This year, for the first time in many terms, the girls of the High School have taken an active interest in athletics. Nearly all of the girls in the school are enrolled in the various gymnasium classes, and through their gymnasium work they have been brought in touch with athletics of various kinds.

The gymnasium classes meet three times a week with Miss Dempsey. The aim of this year's work has been mainly to train the girls to have a good posture and a graceful walk.

The girls are required to wear a regulation gymnasium suit consisting of a white middy, black bloomers, black stockings, and sneaks.

The first part of the gymnasium period is taken up with Swedish gymnastics, which develop the shoulder muscles, while the latter part of the period is devoted to folk or aesthetic dancing, or some game such as baseball, volley ball, or training for field and track events.

On Burbank's birthday the spectators were delighted with the gymnastics done by one girls' gymnasium class, and the Weavers' dance and Ochsdansen, presented by the other classes. The Weavers' dance was especially effective, as the girls wore brilliant costumes.

Altogether the work of this year has been very successful, even though it was the first year we have had physical training in the High School. Next term more elaborate work is planned by Miss Dempsey.

Tennis

Tennis has proved to be the most popular sport of the girls. It is expected that next year a girls' tennis team will be organized which will play the teams of rival neighboring schools, and beat them. Santa Rosa High School used to be noted for her girls' basketball team. Next year she will be noted for her girls' tennis team. Some of the players who can probably qualify for the team are Thyra Morrill, who is the star player; Ethel Graham, who is almost as good as Thyra; Helen Crane, and Elizabeth Thompson. With a little more practice, doubtless many of the other girls will be able to try out for the team.

Some other of the S. R. H. S. players are: Vivian Kidd, Marian Belden, Thelma Coffey, Marylee Patton, Daisy Graham, Beatrice Allison, Helen Clarke, Mary Stewart, Eleanor Cockburn, Helen

Triut, Frieda Walker, Mildred Button, Clare Sullivan, Madeline Alexanderson, Julia Oakes, Jo MacCarthy, and others.

Girls' Field Meet

Did you go to the girls' track meet, Thursday, May 8? If you didn't, you missed one of the best times of your life, and also of seeing what fine athletes some of the girls are.

The meet was an interclass affair, and each class entered a full team except the Junior class, which, owing to its small size, did not have enough eligible members for the events. The girls had practiced only about three weeks in their gymnasium classes to prepare for this meet, but in spite of so little training, many of the girls did exceptionally well.

The boys of the various classes came out in large numbers, and boosted their respective classes by rooting for them. Each class had a bleacher on which they had their flag or class colors.

Each class had a captain who selected the girls from her class for the various events, and helped their class to make a good showing. The various captains were as follows: Senior class, Estelle Hudson; Junior class, Daisy Graham; Sophomore class, Frances Brown; Freshmen class, Elizabeth Thompson.

The judges of the meet were Miss Brown, Miss Weir, Miss Wenk, Miss Depsey, Miss Weber, Mr. Hodge, Mr. Steele and Mr. Maile.

The Sophomores kept up their "peppy" reputation which they have acquired since entering school, and carried off the honors of the meet, winning thirty points. The Freshmen were second with twenty-nine points to their credit, the Seniors won fifteen and two-thirds, and the Juniors three and a third points.

Mildred Harris and Helen McCord starred for the Sophomore class, netting fourteen and seven points respectively. Mildred Russel and Edith Anderson carried off the laurels of the meet for the Freshmen class, each getting ten points. Helen Crane made ten points for the Seniors, and Olivia Burtchall made two of the Juniors' three and a third points.

Events

50-yard dash—First, Mary Tate (Freshman); second, Helen Crane (Senior); third, Ruth Epperson (Freshman).

75-yard dash—First Mildred Harris (Sophomroe); second, Helen McCord (Sophomore); third, Bernice Morrow (Freshman).

100-yard dash—First, Mildred Harris (Sophomore); second, Helen McCord (Sophomore); third Bernice Morrow (Freshman).

Mile, 1 lap—First, Mildred Harris (Sophomore); second Olivia Burtschael (Junior); third, Helen Crane (Senior).

60-yard high hurdles—First, Edith Anderson (Freshman); second, Clare Sullivan (Senior); third, Helen Mallory (Freshman).

6-pound shot—First Helen Crane (Senior); second, Helen Bridinger (Sophomore); third, Ethelwyn Snider (Sophomore).

High jump—First Edith Anderson (Freshman); second, Thelma Rowe (Sophomore); third, Marguerite Chapman (Junior).

Basketball throw—First, Mildred Russel (Freshman); second, Helen Bridinger (Sophomore); third, Ethelwyn Snider (Sophomore).

Baseball throw—First Mildred Russel (Freshman); second, Marjorie Scott (Senior); third, Thyra Morrill (Freshman).

The Sophomores had the winning team in the relay. The team was composed of Vida Dogett, Helen McCord, Helen Strom and Mildred Harris. The Senior team, which took second place, had for its members Beatrice Allison, Clare Sullivan, Marjorie Scott and Helen Crane. The Freshmen took next place, with Thyra Morrill, Mildred Wells, Bernice Morrow and E. Daniels composing the team. The Junior team members were Josephine Cummings, Frieda Walker, DeEtte Winters and Olivia Burtchall.

The proceeds of the meet, which were ten dollars and fifteen cents, went to the "Echo" to help defray the expenses of putting out the annual.

Next year there will be another girls' track meet, which will be on a larger scale. Probably some time the girls will have meets with other schools. Who can tell? —Mildred Button.

CADET DANCE

The cadets have arranged a military ball to take place Friday evening, June twentieth, at the High School Annex. Arrangements are being made to complete plans and make this party one of the best. Arrangements for the party are under the various heads: Roland Herbert, program; Shannon Turner, refreshments; Henry Shaefer, decoration; Steward McIntyre, music; Wendell Wilson, reception.

The most interesting feature of the evening will be the grand march. This is the first dance given by the cadets, and all are looking forward to it with much pleasure.

PICNIC, THURSDAY, MAY 29

The Senior-Junior picnic was held this year at Hilton. About sixty-five members of the two classes were present. A good time was had around the bonfire, roasting weenies. A good swim and boating were enjoyed, then the party departed to the dance hall at Summer Home Park and danced till late. The students were chaperoned by members of the faculty and a few of the parents. Everyone voted the party a big success and wished there were time for another picnic during this term.

Under Government Supervision

Man to ticket agent: "Does this ticket include eats and drinks?"

Ticket agent: "Yes; you can eat the dates and drink the punches."—Ex.

Lure of the Land

On a transport two days out of New York.

Sambo (on deck) to Rastus (down below): "Come on up, we're passing a ship."

Voice from below: "I don't want to see no ship. Jes call me when we're passing a tree."—Photoplay.

Kid: "How old is that lamp, ma?"

Mother: "Oh, about three years old."

Kid: "Throw it down quick. It's too young to smoke!"

A. Poulsen (in Chem.): "Iodine has a violet smell."

Miss Grey: "How's that?"

A. Poulsen: "Well, it said in the book it gave off a violet vapor."

Here's a Little Poem

All boys love their sisters,
But I so good have grown
That I love other boys' sisters
Much better than my own.

Bright Boy

Dibble's pa: "Are you first in anything at school?"

Dib: "First out of the building when the bell rings."

I sit alone in the twilight,
Forsaken of God and man,
And murmur over and over
I'll never eat onions again.
—Ex.

Mr. Steele: "How many colonies were represented at the first Continental Congress?"

Bess Godman: "Twelve."

Mr. S.: "Which one was not represented?"

Bess: "The thirteenth one!"

Monty: "Mr. Carithers, why is it that whenever I come in the study hall I never find you studying?"

Bill C.: "Because you wear rubber heels, Mr. Montgomery."

Where P. Moore Shines

Pete: "I got this cup for running."

E. Allen: "Whom did you beat?"

P. Moore: "The owner and two policemen."—Ex.

For Romeo'd what Juli-et.
What is a caterpillar?
It's an upholstered angle worm.

Forty Years Hence

The Honorable Mildred Button died and was buried. At the end of the month the gravedigger handed in a bill for one button hole. Get me?

In the Evening by the Moonlight

Hubby: "Here's an article in which scientists say bugs have emotion. He says he has seen mosquitos weep."

Wifey: "I've often seen a moth ball."

Hooverizing !!!

Can this be Ford Number 308397 ?

Some are — Some ain't.

Poor Prunes !!

To be heard — not seen.

Can you imagine Frank working ??

Hodge-Maile Pow-wow.

S.O.S.

Ignorant But Wise

All my Math is Greek to me—
Just as senseless as can be:
X Y Z -|- 3a3
Leaves me feeling like a rube,
But though I know it has its faults
Its good points are in Nelson's vaults.
It always seems to me complex
What's meant by masking x x x.
In foreign tongues I'm not a shark;
I seldom get a passing mark;
And "parlez-vous" and "sprechen sie"
Are so much gibberish to me.
But still I know a thing or so,
For if I ever thirsty grow,
It never even gives a shock
To hear Fritz say, "Vill you haf bock?"
I'm not a scientist, that's sure,
In chemistry I'm very poor;
For H2 O means naught to me,
And neither does H N O3.
In physics every course I flunk,
And English is to me the bunk,
But still I'm up-to-date on "rye,"
And know what's meant by "extra dry." —Ex.

Kurlander's Patrons Kindly Notice

A horse and a flea were shooting dice
Right on the floor with two white mice.
Then the horse slipped and fell on the flea.
Said the flea to the horse, "That's a horse on me."

Heard in J. C. French

Shannon Turner rushes in five minutes late (per usual).

Miss Walker (extending hand for reinstatement slip): "Slip?"

Shannon T.: No, ma'am; I fell down stairs."

In History 12B

Mr. Steels: "Mr. Schaefer, on what date did the first Wednesday in March fall?"

Henry S.: "On Sunday."

Act I. Sc. I—A villain, girl, dog and a river.

Action: Villain throws girl in river; dog jumps in and drinks up river; saves girl's life.

Act II. Sc. I.—Same.

Action: Villain attempts to escape. Dog coughs up river and villain drowns

Modern Shakespeare

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet;
'Twas here he first fell into debt,

Freshie: "I can't get into my locker."

Soph: "That's funny; you must have grown a lot over night."—Ex.

Do You Remember——?

The big Green Building that you cant' see?

Those war work pledges?

The day V. Weber said, ,'Let's cut out the slang"?

The day we had the earthquake?

Mr. Maile's "Shiner"?

The Circus?

That epistle of regrets Analy sent us?

The circus? No, not Al G. Barnes' —the other one.

The fellow who said "this here"?

That girls' track meet? Oh, boy!

Armistice Day?

That sad and dreamy "flu" vacation?

And then the second one?

The J. C. dance and Monty's spiel to the boys?

Why—

The "queening party"?

Does Mr. Steele always refer to those fateful yellow papers?

Does Miss Nelson always give such easy Exs?

Do Bill and George always "hang together" and then start scrapping?

Does Marian Peterson walk the way she does?

When you reach the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hang on.

Helping Things Along

Two little girls, aged seven and nine, were going to school. Both were afraid of being tardy.

Nine-year-old: "Let's kneel down and pray we won't be late."

Seven-year-old: "Let's keep on hiking and pray as we hike."—S. F. Argonaut.

Heard in Civics

Teacher: "What is an alibi?"

B. Carithers: "Being somewhere where you ain't."

V. Smith: "Do you play cards for money?"

F. Fenton: "Yes, but I've given up hopes of getting rich that way."

Burnett Dibble: "Say, Walt, why are you always hanging around in front of my store? What's the idea?"

Walt Lamore: "I saw a man drop a quarter there about a year ago."

"I OUGHTA MAKE FRISCO IN AN HOUR."
FRISCO 10 MILES
"LITTLE PETE."
"I DONT KNOW WHERE TO HIT THIS GUY."
WHEN ELMER GETS IN THE BIG LEAGUE
"GEE I HOPE VIVIAN IS LOOKIN AT ME."
A.U.H.
ARMY
"A REAL BOLSHEVIK."
—ALWAYS TRYING TO START SOMETHING—
By — Spring '22.
CLIFF MORRILL OR OTHERWISE CEMENT
HOLDING DOWN 3rd BASE.
"HURRAH! FOR WINKLER HE ONLY WALKED FOURTEEN MEN THIS INNING."
NOBODY
HE STICKS UP FOR ANALY.

It's is really superfluous to tell a woman she is beautiful, because if she is, she knows it, and if she isn't she thinks she is.

A Glorious Death

First slim child: "She died through eatin' a tuppenny ice on the top of 'ot pudding."

Second slim child: "Lor'! wot a jolly death."—N. Y. Evening Post.

A lady was buying souvenir slippers in France. She was shown a pair known as the "Louis Fourteenth.".

"They're awfully nice," she remarked, looking at them admiringly, "but a trifle too large. I think a 'Louis Thirteenth' would just fit me."—Ex.

Another War Secret Revealed

"And while you were in Ireland did you kiss the blarny stone?"

Returned hero: "No, but I kissed several who had."—Life.

Morning After London Air Raid

Two commuters, discussing the events of the night before.

First commuter: "Any damage done your way?"

Second commuter: "Damage! Rather. Father and mother were blown clean out of the window. The neighbors say its the first time they've been seen to leave the house together in seventeen years."—N. Y. Globe.

Advice to Classes

Freshmen—Be brave in the struggle of life.

Sophomores—Never attempt to appear more than you are.

Juniors—Employ your time well.

Seniors—Pay your debts promptly. —Ex.

Our School of Fishes

Freshmen—Lobsters.

Sophomores—Sun Fish.

Juniors—Crabs.

Seniors—Sharks.

H. Schaefer: "I need only to know a girl five minutes and I can read her inmost thought."

B. Allison: "Oh, how horribly unpleasant for you."

A man having had all his teeth knocked out with an axe, his assistant put forth the plea that it was merely an axe-i-dental occurrance.

Helen Crane: "You are old before your time."

Bess Godman: "Yes, but think of the time I had before I was old."—Ex.

W. Barnett—"Howard, do you think you'll get rec'd in trig?"

Howard (gloomily)—"No; I'm wrecked already."

W. Wright—"We don't have a horn on our new car."

J. Hodgson—"Why?"

W. Wright—"Oh, because it has a cute little round thing on the radiator that says, 'Dodge, Brothers.'"

On the Street Car

First Artist—"Been doing anything lately?"

Second Ditto—"Oh, I knocked off a couple of girls' heads last week, and finished the Mayor of Muchmouth."

Old Lady—"Bolshevik."

After years of strenuous labor P. Alexanderson's pompador has so improved that it is deserving of special mention.

Miss Nelson (in trig.)—"Find the volume of water for that 'dam' problem tomorrow."

Izzy—"Oh, Ludwig, have you heard the news?"

Ludwig—"News! what news?"

Izzy—"Abraham, poor Abraham, he got one of his hands cut off."

Ludwig—"Oh, my God, Izzy, how can he talk now, how can he talk?"

This may happen to you - someday.

Over the top!!

Helen Crane
Caught in the act.

No!
she's not sick.

An ideal couple.

An Ethiopian Queen.

A Milkmaid. !!

Guess who?

Sour Grapes!

POEM

THE FACULTY

(Modeled on L'Allegro)

Hence, loathed Faculty
Of Discipline and dryest Knowledge born,
By Students held in scorn,
And kept in school with fearful difficulty:
Hunt out some tortured spot
Where gloating teachers wield their woeful rule,
And haunt the moaning school;
There, books and pens, outlines and themes prevail
As keepers in that jail.
Where joy and peace and happiness are not!
But come, thou blissful diety,
The red-shirted, whiskered Anarchy,
Often known as Socialism,
By some more kindly criticism,
Who, found by old Diogenes,
Was in a soap-box on his knees;
Or whether (as T. R. would say)
First in a gutter saw the day.

Haste thee, sprite, and bring with thee
Bombs and joyous Mutiny;
Guns, and bricks, and deadly mines,
Pitchforks, with their sharpened tines
Placed in some teacher's retreat,
To cause a riot in the street.

Come and plant them as you go,
Where some light fantastic toe
Will set them off, and mounting high
Go with its owner to the sky.

Tortured teachers please us then
And the burning homes of them.

These delights if thou canst give,
Anarchy, with thee I'll live.

E. R. C., '19.

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It is largely through the aid of the business men whose advertisements are found in the following pages that this Echo has been made possible. It is, therefore, only fair that in return we should do something more than thank them. We urge you to patronize those who have been so generous to the Echo.

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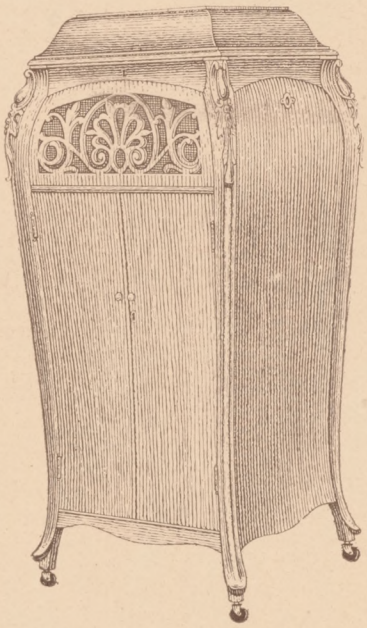

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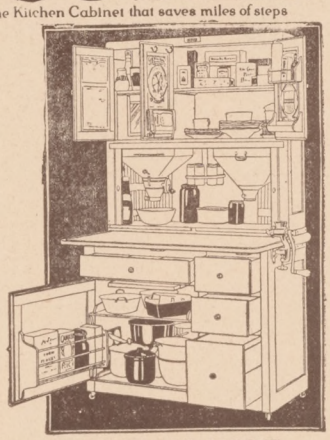

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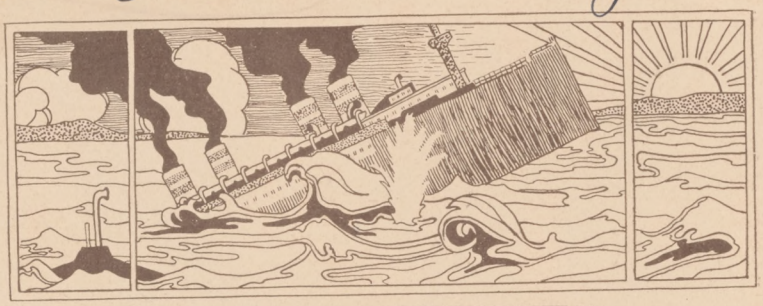

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